McKean County Miner.

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VOL. XXXIX. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1902. | NO. 29

WE WIN ONE AND LOSE TWO.

Three Interesting Games Played by Smethport.

A DISASTROUS TRIP BY OUR TEAM

An Even Break With Kane. One Lost to Johnsonburg.

Smethport won the second game in the proposed series of five from Kane Tuesday afternoon on the Nelson Street grounds. Although errors were numerous on both sides the game was an interesting one to witness as considerable [illegible] was done and several clever plays executed.

Smethport won the game in the first few innings and [illegible] to lack [illegible] on the part of the players [illegible] after they had gained a commanding lead. Servatius was in the box for the home team and [illegible] Kane's eight hits well scattered [illegible] his share of [illegible] and fielded his position [illegible]. Sasse had a big day at [illegible] everything that came [illegible] without a miss. "Zeke" McCabe [illegible] with the goods [illegible] that was especially [illegible]. For the visitors Clayson [illegible] pitched the [illegible].

Smethport went to bat [illegible] started off by getting in [illegible] first inning. Sasse drew a base on balls [illegible] was sacrificed home by Fuller and Bell. A base on balls and three errors netted Kane two in their half and then they went out of the run getting business until the sixth.

In the second Croissant was given a life after two were out on Kelts' error. Torrence slammed the ball into left field and Croissant scored. "Babe" Sasse made a single bringing in the man ahead of him, then came home himself on an error.

Bell's single and Servatius' double aided by an error was a combination that netted three more runs in the third.

In the sixth McCabe opened with a single to left. Denning made a rattling two-bagger. Croissant also singled. "Babe" Sasse again reached first, Fuller and Servatius singled, which with the assistance of two passed balls swelled Smethport's total by five runs. A hit and an error gave Kane one run in this inning.

McCabe again led off in the seventh and reached first on an infield error. Denning brought him home with a timely single.

Fuller and Bell singled in the first of the eighth and two timely errors added two more runs to the local string. Kane made a brace in this inning and scored four runs on Clayson's double, singles by Baker and Ford and three Smethport errors.

An error, stolen base and passed ball brought Sasse around in the ninth. Copeland made one for Kane on a hit, base on balls and an error. This ended the run getting. Score, Smethport, 16; Kane, 8. The tabulated score follows:

SMETHPORT.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sasse, 2b	6	4	1	3	6	0
Fuller, r.f.	6	2	2	0	0	2
Bell, ss	6	2	2	2	0	0
Servatius, p	5	1	3	2	2	0
Studholme, 1b	5	1	0	12	0	2
McCabe, 3b	5	2	1	2	3	1
Denning, c.f	5	1	2	0	0	0
Croissant, c	5	2	1	6	1	2
Torrence, l.f	5	1	1	0	0	1
	47	16	13	27	12	8

KANE.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Copeland, l.f	3	2	2	1	0	1
Kelts, ss	4	1	1	0	1	5
Clayson, 3b	5	2	2	1	3	1
Ryan, c.f	5	0	0	1	0	0
Coon, 2b	5	1	0	1	4	2
Baker, 1b	4	1	1	17	0	0
McEnteer, c	3	1	0	6	0	1
Ford, r.f	4	0	1	0	1	0
Goodwin, p	4	0	1	0	6	0
	38	8	8	27	16	10

By innings:

Smethport	1	3	3	0	0	5	1	2	1—16
Kane	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	1—8

Earned runs—Smethport 3.
Two base hits—Denning, Servatius, Clayson.
Struck out—by Servatius 6, by Goodwin 6.
Base on balls—off Servatius 3; Goodwin 1.
Passed balls—McEnteer 4.
Stolen bases—Denning, Servatius, Clayson.
Umpire—Keefer.
Time of game—1:50.

On Thursday of last week our base ball team started for Kane and Johnsonburg with the avowed intention of bringing back two scalps, but instead were twice scalped during their brief invasion of the enemy's country.

The game at Kane was interesting from start to finish and the Kaneites say it was the best yet played on the home grounds this season. It is also intimated that had the result been different it would have been the finish of base ball in Kane. The game was lost mainly through the inability of Smethport to connect with the '76 shoots of Trainor, the Kane southpaw, and a streak of ill luck that seemed to follow the team in both games. In the sixth inning Tom Young was injured while running bases and forced to retire from the game, Croissant taking his place behind the bat and Servatius going to right field. The feature of the game was the playing of McCabe at third, who, in the second inning, made a beautiful stop and pick up of a clean hit and retired his man at first. The score follows:

SMETHPORT.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Croissant, r.f. & c.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Fuller, p.	4	0	0	0	3	1
Bell, ss	4	0	0	2	2	0
Torrence, l.f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Sasse, 2b	3	0	0	1	3	[illegible]
Denning, c.f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Studholme, 1st	4	0	0	9	1	2
McCabe, 3d	4	1	2	1	1	0
Young, c	2	1	0	6	0	0
Servatius, r.f.	1	1	1	0	0	0
	29	3	3	27	10	5

KANE.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Copeland, l.f.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Clayson, 3b	5	0	0	0	3	1
Klein, c	4	2	3	8	0	0
Kelts, r.f.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Trainor, p	4	2	1	0	5	0
Baker, 1b	4	1	1	13	1	0
Derby, ss	5	1	0	2	1	0
Coon, 2b	4	1	[illegible]	2	[illegible]	1
McEnteer, c.f	5	0	1	[illegible]	1	0
	36	9	10	27	11	2

By innings: [illegible]

Two base hits—McCabe, Klein 2, Kelts, Coon.
Struck out—by Fuller [illegible], by Trainor [illegible].
Base on Balls—off Fuller [illegible], off Trainor [illegible].
Hit by pitcher—by Fuller 2.
Umpire—Thad Evans.
Time of game—1:[illegible].

The ill luck which had attended the game at Kane continued with our boys at Johnsonburg and this, together with some very questionable decisions of the umpire at critical stages, gave the game to Johnsonburg without much difficulty. Smethport [illegible] better at this game than at [illegible] the result was in doubt from start to finish.

[illegible] returned good heavy ball at [illegible] "Willie" Fuller's work [illegible] was superb [illegible] like a fat [illegible] first inning with the bases full. [illegible]

JOHNSONBURG.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Myers, [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kleine, c	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Brophey, 3b	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Armstrong, l.f.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barger, ss	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mitchell, c.f.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Homer, 2b	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Deroy, p	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

By innings: [illegible]

Two base hits—Servatius, [illegible], Studholme, Armstrong, Homer.
Struck out—by Servatius [illegible], by Deroy [illegible].
Base on balls—off Servatius [illegible], off Deroy [illegible].
Hit by pitcher—Deroy.
Time of game—1:40.

THE SMETHPORT BAND.

Efforts are Being Made to Reorganize the Band Which Should be Successful.

Visitors at the park last Sunday were pleasantly surprised to find a detachment of the Smethport band in attendance, and although the members had not practiced together in several years the music rendered was very creditable.

Earnest efforts on the part of members are being made to reorganize the band. They are faithfully practicing and on their next appearance will show a marked improvement. Although they cannot afford to hire an instructor without outside support it is their intention to do the best they can with the hope that the people of Smethport will eventually extend them financial aid.

A town the size of Smethport and possessing its amount of musical talent should have a band, and a good one. It takes hard work on the part of members to keep such an organization in existence. Moreover, it takes some money. Smethport is about the only town of any size in this part of the state without a band. It is a good thing for a town. It brings business to a town in several ways. It furnishes amusement for the people.

Several years ago when Smethport had a large band in good practice Saturday night concerts were given. The town's people would come out almost in a body to do their trading and listen to the music. Many people drove to town from the surrounding country and there was not a business place in the town but what was directly benefited by the concerts.

The members of the band are hard at work and it is now up to the people of Smethport to come to the front with the necessary finances to keep them going. If you want a band in Smethport now is the time to act.

Fifty-One Years Ago.

Fifty-one years ago, at Turtle Point, W. H. Taylor caught a small turtle and carved upon his shell "W. H. T., 1851." In 1868 James Taylor captured the turtle and marked him "J. T. T., 1868." In 1872 the turtle was again the captive of James Taylor and after being duly dated was again set free. In 1877 he was again in the hands of James Taylor and bears that date. In 1882 Chas. F. Taylor autographed on the turtle's back. Eleven years ago W. H. Taylor dated him 1891. Yesterday William Whiting became the turtle's keeper and out of deference to previous marks notified W. H. Taylor who marked him 1902. Seven times in 51 years this turtle has fallen captive only to be marked and released.—Port Allegany Argus.

Largest assortment fine preserving kettles. Can rubbers 5 cents a dozen. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Repairs for McCormick and Buckeye machinery for sale by Palmer & Dodge, Smethport, Pa. 2t

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

[Last week was published extracts from the Citizen of Sept. '13, 1863, the last number of that paper published. On his return from the war Mr. Rogers founded the McKean County Miner, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, June 6, 1863, from which we shall quote at some length.]

In resuming the publication of a paper in McKean county we have undertaken a task which we do not crave; on the contrary, we have felt reluctant about accepting a position where so much toil, both mentally and physically, is in store for us with so little prospect of being compensated for the efforts put forth. When we reached home from the South in March last we found the friends of the government in this county without an organ and nothing was being done to counteract the baneful effects which the doctrines disseminated by the enemies of the government were having upon the community. * * * Here in McKean county we know of no way by which we can serve our country more efficiently than by giving the people a loyal paper [illegible] columns of which we shall endeavor to show up the [illegible] of those who [illegible] our country [illegible] have supreme control [illegible]. We have [illegible] permanent [illegible] and [illegible] properly supported, shall continue to publish [illegible] a paper at this place for years to come. We look for earnest and hearty support from all who believe in the final overthrow of the rebellion and the perpetuity of our Republican institutions and we trust we shall not look in vain.

We have not room this week to give the details of the recent fight near Kinston, N.C., in which the men of the 58th Pa. Regiment took so active a part and acquitted themselves so well. In the late fight only one death occurred and that was of Col. Jones. Capt. [illegible] of Co. H was the only person from this region of country who was hurt and his wound was so slight that he continued on duty. The following extract from a letter received at this place since the fight gives a condensed idea of the captures our forces made and the manner in which the colonel's death was caused: "[illegible] Creek, May 24, 1863. I have been ordered on duty with my company and have but a spare moment in which to tell you that we have had pretty lively times here for four or five days. We made a raid on the enemy, capturing 170 prisoners, a 12-pound steel howitzer, 30 or 40 horses and mules, two ambulences and any quantity of small arms. They, in turn, came down here and drove in our pickets. A sharp skirmish ensued in which Col. Jones was instantly killed by being shot through the heart by a rebel sharpshooter. He exposed himself unnecessarily."

Dr. S. D. Freeman, formerly surgeon of the Bucktail regiment, but at present in charge of Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, made a short visit to his home in this town this week. He looks well—"every inch a soldier."

The mercantile appraisement for the year 1863 shows but 12 mercantile establishments in the county, 2 of which were for "beer" and paid an annual license of $5. They were distributed as follows: Smethport, five, including the two vendors of beer; Bradford, one; Liberty, four, and Ceres, two.

On the 18th of May Gen. Grant invested Vicksburg, he and his army apparently expecting to take the place with comparative ease. Three furious assaults were made on the works and failed to carry them. Grant then set himself to take the place by siege, a comparatively slow process, but economical of life. No doubt is felt that the city must fall. It is said that the fortifications are all grass grown and very strong, showing that effective precautions against such an attack as this on the land side were long ago taken. The most desperate bravery has been shown on both sides. Some of our troops have made a lodgment close under the outer wall of the works, within 25 feet of the rebels, where neither party can get at the other. The ground is so very broken and hilly that our troops intrench themselves as safely as the rebels and no apprehensions seem to be felt of any danger from Gen. Johnson on the outside.

Mr. Welch, the contractor for building the Shawmut railroad in Elk county, passed through this borough on his way to work early in the past week.

Gen. Burnside has prohibited the circulation of the New York World in his department and has suppressed the Chicago Times.

There were eight applicants for tavern license in McKean county in 1863.

Charles Lemmler has a first-class line of trunks and traveling bags which he is selling at very reasonable prices. Call and see them.

The gas range "that makes the others look sick" is the one I handle. It is the leader of them all. Call and see it.
J. O. Hamlin.

GAS EXPLOSION.

Dennis McCarthy Painfully Burned Yesterday Morning.

SECOND ACCIDENT IN TWO MONTHS

Was Working at Hon. Henry Hamlin's House—Face and Hands Burned.

Dennis McCarthy, a plumber employed by the Palmer Plumbing Co., was painfully burned in a gas explosion at the residence of Hon. Henry Hamlin yesterday morning while making some changes in a gas pipe.

The pipe was attached to a chandelier [illegible] coming down through the ceiling. In making the changes considerable gas accumulated [illegible] between the ceiling and the floor above. McCarthy did not wait long enough after [illegible] for the gas to carry itself off before trying it with a match for leaks and an explosion followed. His eyebrows and hair were singed, also his face and hands were burned quite badly.

He was able to [illegible] and [illegible] dressed his injuries. This is the second [illegible] of [illegible] and Mr. McCarthy [illegible] at the post [illegible] when he was doing [illegible] paper.

Two Runaways Tuesday.

Two exciting runaways took place on our streets Tuesday.

In the morning J. C. Krumme was driving O. C. Young's roan horse from the barn to the store and when in front of [illegible] one of the clips broke, letting [illegible] at the horse's heels. This frightened the animal and he went down the street at a lively gait, the buggy hanging by the other clip. Krumme jumped and the steed ran into a post in front of Young's store, freeing one of [illegible] from the buggy. The horse then ran into a telephone pole near the Wright House and was knocked down, after which he was caught. The buggy was badly damaged and the horse received some severe bruises, but was not seriously injured.

In the evening Dr. Ostrander's horse, which was hitched in East Smethport, became frightened and broke loose. He started for Jones' barn where he is kept and made the whole distance of over a mile without running into anything or overturning the carriage. Investigation showed that a broken thill and a few broken straps was all the damage done.

Mrs. Hilton Injured.

Mrs. Hilton, mother of R. W. Hilton of this place, who resides at 127 Congress street, Bradford, was seriously injured in a runaway accident last Saturday afternoon.

The Bradford Era gives the following account of the accident: "In company with her son, Robert, daughter, Mary, and Miss Beers of Randolph, she was enjoying a carriage ride, when the horses became frightened at a locomotive at the Washington street crossing of the Erie railroad. The animals wildly plunged across the street and overturned the carriage, throwing the occupants to the pavement. Mrs. Hilton received a fracture of the left arm, had both shoulders broken and sustained other painful injuries. She is under the care of Drs. Strait and Russell and is expected to recover.

Latest reports from Mrs. Hilton say she is improving and her complete recovery is only a matter of time.

A Joke on the Joker.

A Bradford young women missed her diamond bracelet Monday and suspected a young man of the theft. He had gone to Olean to attend the races and a warrant was issued for his arrest. An officer went to Olean, found the suspect and charged him with having purloined the bracelet. "Why, it was only a joke," said the young man. "I took the bracelet and pawned it for $100. I could have made more than that on the races. Then I intended to redeem the bracelet and take it back to the girl. I assure you it was only a joke."

The officer made the young man yield up the $100 and a pawn ticket.

The pawnbroker in the case was given the cash and he handed over the missing article in good condition to the representative of the law. The young man was allowed to play the races without further restraint and the incident closed.

Homeseekers' Excursions

to points all through the west via Nickel Plate road. Low rates best accommodations, through tourist car service, finest coaches, club meals 35c to $1.00, also meals a la carte. See nearest agent or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Carriages.

We have a fine assortment of Top and Open buggies, steel and rubber tire "run-abouts" and surreys for sale at rock bottom prices. Come and see us.
Palmer & Dodge.
Smethport, Pa., July 17, 1902. 4t

GLYCERINE PLANT DESTROYED.

Two Terrific Explosions Occurred Monday and Nobody Was Killed Heavy Losses.

Monday morning the manufacturing and storage plants of the Rock Glycerine Company located near Howard Junction, were destroyed by explosions that shook the earth for miles around. Other buildings located near the plant were also wrecked. Nitrate of soda first exploded and then followed the explosion of stored nitro-glycerine. Men were at work mixing the deadly compound when they discovered that it had ignited from some cause, and there was an immediate scampering of those engaged about the factory toward places of safety. They were at a safe distance, fortunately, when the compound reached the exploding stage and there was no loss of life.

A horse used about the place was attached to a cart and being accustomed to glycerine scares, the animal tried to run with the escaping men, but he was outdistanced. An employe came to the rescue, detached the animal from the cart and escaping upon his back made [illegible] Powers [illegible] a safe distance.

Fully one dozen buildings were either totally or partially wrecked by the force of the explosion.

The loss to the Rock Glycerine Company is large, as a lot of explosives material was consumed and as the buildings and others were all valuable some having only recently been completed. An official of the company, when asked for figures as to the loss, last evening, declined to say what the damage amounted to.

That there was no loss of life in connection with the explosion is almost a miracle. Glycerine usually claims human victims when it "lets go" as the compound did yesterday.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

Queer Canadian Justice.

For weeks the Department of Justice has been trying to get extradition of Gaynor and Greene, American fugitives from justice in Canada. These men are wanted in connection with trials for fraud in company with Captain Oberlin Carter, who is now serving a term in the penitentiary, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Ordinarily there has been no difficulty in the matter, but [illegible] was shrewd enough to retain [illegible] a law firm which individually hold high positions in the Dominion Government, something that could not occur in this country. The efforts of the State Department have been balked at every turn by means of the peculiar system of jurisprudence which prevails in Canada and at present it is not known whether the men can be secured or not.

Naturally the thought rises that this is the occasion for a complaint to the British Government, but it is not at all certain that this is possible. It is claimed that it is one of these matters wholly within the province of the Dominion, and that nothing can be done in London. The situation is said to be similar to that when the Italian Government complained to this country over the murder of her citizens in Louisiana and was informed that this was a question of local regulation only and outside the province of the State Department. As a result diplomatic relations between this country and Italy were long suspended, but as an act of grace this country did make amends.

We think it unlikely that there will be serious trouble with Canada over this matter for the very good reason that eventually the Dominion will see that it must act according to treaty stipulations and surrender the men; otherwise there would be a situation so strained that we do not like to contemplate it. That law officers of the Crown charged with extradition proceedings should at the same time act as counsel for those whom it sought to extradite is so anomalous so opposed to all justice that the situation cannot be maintained without serious injury to the Dominion. We think that the men will be surrendered, but at the same time Canada has set a precedent that is more likely in the future to vex her than it is to injure us.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the school directors of Norwich township will receive bids for the building of a one story addition 24 x 28 feet to the Crosby school house. Plans and specifications can be seen by calling at E. E. Eldridge's store, Crosby. Bids will be closed at 2 p. m. Saturday, July 26, 1902. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

O. D. Gallup,
Secretary.

Now is The Time

to go west. The Nickel Plate road is selling tickets at reduced rates to points all through the west. Fast time, finest equipment, everything for comfort and convenience of passengers. See nearest agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

A Taylor Grate is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," besides being a gas saver. Would be pleased to refer you to any one of our many customers who have used them in place of Gas Logs and old fashioned fire places.
John C. Hamlin.

SHE SAVED THE DOG.

But Nearly Lost Her Own Life in So Doing.

Mrs. James Sloan of Ormsby narrowly escaped being crushed by an engine Tuesday, while attempting to save her pet dog from a like fate. Mrs. Sloan was picking berries along the B., B. & K. tracks, near the place where Conductor Thomas Lawler was killed about two years ago. The dog was playing on the tracks as a train was coming up the hill and Mrs. Sloan thought he was going to be killed. She rushed in front of the engine and picked up the dog but before she could get out of the way one of her feet was caught beneath the wheels of the engine.

The engineer and fireman saw her and [illegible] the engine [illegible] the engine [illegible] to her [illegible] and his [illegible] probably saved the [illegible] a steep bank and to [illegible] would have [illegible].

Mrs. [illegible] in saving her [illegible] to the [illegible] She was taken to the Bradford hospital [illegible] was [illegible] possible [illegible].

Politics and Philanthropy.

"The [illegible]" [illegible] a good story [illegible] campaigner. The writer says [illegible] years ago the Congressman [illegible] a little town in Venango county [illegible] was waited on by a woman. The town was against [illegible]. It was held by the political enemy in a mighty tight grip. The woman was the wife of an old employe of Mr. Sibley who had got into a business difficulty and had given a judgment note. The note was due in a day or so and it meant the forced sale of their little home. She wanted to know if Mr. Sibley would loan her $500 to lift the note and take his note in lieu. The wife had come because the husband was ashamed to, being politically opposed to the Congressman.

"I'll give you the $500 on one condition," said Mr. Sibley.

"What is that?" inquired the anxious wife.

"That you will not say anything about it to a living soul. I like Tom and want to help him, but people will say it was a political scheme."

"Give me the check and we will talk about that later," was the woman's reply.

The check was written and was safely stowed away in her pocketbook, the grateful woman exclaimed:

"You want me to keep this quiet, Mr. Sibley? Well, I am not going to do it. I am going right home and tell Tom about it, and Tom shall start out this afternoon to work for your election. I know that the town is against you now, but it won't be on election day. Keep my mouth shut? Not a bit of it."

And she didn't; Tom and his friends turned in and the township went for Sibley like a whirlwind.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending July 12, 1902.

L. Bell, Jr., W. H. Cunningham 2, Mrs. John Cramsie, Leroy B. Davis, Wm. A. W. Grier, Miss Emma Gorman, Joe Kane, Mrs. James McGuire, W. McMillan, C. Nelson, Miss Alvia Strandburg.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Sunday Excursion.

Commencing June 1st the B., B. & K. Ry. will sell round trip tickets o[n] Sundays, good on day of date only, fro[m] Smethport to Bradford at 75c, and [from] Ormsby at 25c. Train leaves Smet[h]port at 8 a. m., connecting at Bradfo[rd] with trolley line to Rock City, and w[ith] Erie R. R. for Chautauqua Lake. [Re]turning, train leaves Bradford at 6:1[illegible] m., giving passengers three hours thirty minutes at Chautauqua Lake.

A Taylor Grate is "a thing of be[auty] and joy forever," besides being a saver. Would be pleased to refer to any one of our many customers have used them in place of Gas and old fashioned fire places.
John C. Ham[lin]

The County Treasurer will s[it] 21, 1902, for all Mercantile an[d] State Licenses remaining unpaid chants and others owing these will save the costs of suit by re[mitting] at once.

House for Rent.

After June 15th. Gas, wat[er] garden. $10. Just the place mer. Inquire of Guy McCoy.

$20.00. Hay Rakes. $[20.00]

All steel, self dump hay ra[kes] at Palmer & Dodge's, Smet[hport]. Will exchange for hay.

When needing the plumb[ing] call up the Palmer Plumbi[ng] telephone, circuit 8, 6 rings.

Detroit Jewel Gas Range[s] ing comfortable. Holmes &

An Ironclad Ram Amuck

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

July 15, 1862

[Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.]

SIX weeks before the Confederate ironclad ram Arkansas took to the wave, which was July 12, 1862, she was an empty hull anchored in the channel of the Yazoo river, four miles from land. Her guns and engines were lying loose on deck, the iron for her armor was sunk in the mud and water of the overflowing tides, and the bands and bolts had yet to be forged out of metal scattered over sixty miles of territory wherever it could be gathered. Even the timber for the gun carriages of the ram was still standing, thick with foliage.

In this unfinished condition Captain Isaac N. Brown, who had been ordered to complete the monster and fight everything on the river, found his ship. Brown had served in the old United States navy, a good school for strong men. His government had given him free rein as to expense in getting the ship afloat in fighting trim, but to do this he must work with untrained hands and but little machinery. Though laboring under every disadvantage, with a powerful Federal fleet within six hours' steaming and the boom of hostile guns sounding in the ears of the improvised workmen, the ram was ready to weigh anchor the middle of July. True, the armor had not been put on over her stern, and for appearance's sake boiler iron was tacked on to cover up the wood. She carried ten guns, six in broadside and two fore and aft, with a crew of 100 seamen and sixty riflemen from the army. The underofficers had all graduated from the old navy, and Brown said his only trouble in handling them was to keep them from running the ram into the Federal fleet lying in the Mississippi before she was ready for battle. Brown was anxious to fight, too, but he was a faithful soldier and had been ordered by his superior to bring his ship to Vicksburg and help defend that stronghold, then beset by a powerful Federal fleet lying in the Mississippi between Vicksburg and the mouth of the Yazoo. The message which summoned the ram to Vicksburg said that there were thirty Federal ships within sight of the bluffs "and plenty more up the river." This was the prospect ahead of the ram when she set her prow in dead earnest for the anchorage of the fleets of Farragut, Davis and Ellet the morning of July 14.

After a few hours' steaming Brown discovered that, owing to a leak in the steam pipes, the stock of powder had been wet and was unfit for use. Making a landing, the whole day passed in drying the powder by shaking it in the burning sun, and at nightfall the ram again started down the Yazoo. Brown hoped to surprise the enemy before daylight the 15th, but about 3 a. m. the ram got aground and lost an hour's time. With the rising of the sun she was steaming forward again and soon brought into view three Federal ships coming up the Yazoo. The enemy had heard of the Arkansas and her intended trip to Vicksburg.

When Brown saw what lay ahead of the ram, he called his men on deck and made a little speech, which sounded like before-the-battle buncombe. But it wasn't that.

After cheering the speech the officers stripped off their coats and the men bared themselves to the waists and bound wet cloths about their foreheads. The riflemen fixed bayonets and stood ready for boarders. Brown ordered his pilot to stand for the central vessel of the three strangers, but before he could ram her she put about, firing her bow guns into the ram at short range.

The ship aimed at by the Arkansas was the new ironclad gunboat Carondelet. Her companions, the wooden boats Tyler and Queen of the West, also turned away, using their stern batteries on the advancing ram. A lively chase of half an hour followed, during which time the ram, with her two sixty-four pounder bow guns, raked all the ships. The Carondelet ran into shallow water where the Arkansas couldn't follow, carrying twenty shots in her pipes, beams and principal machinery. The Tyler was hit eleven times and, with the Queen of the West, steamed rapidly away.

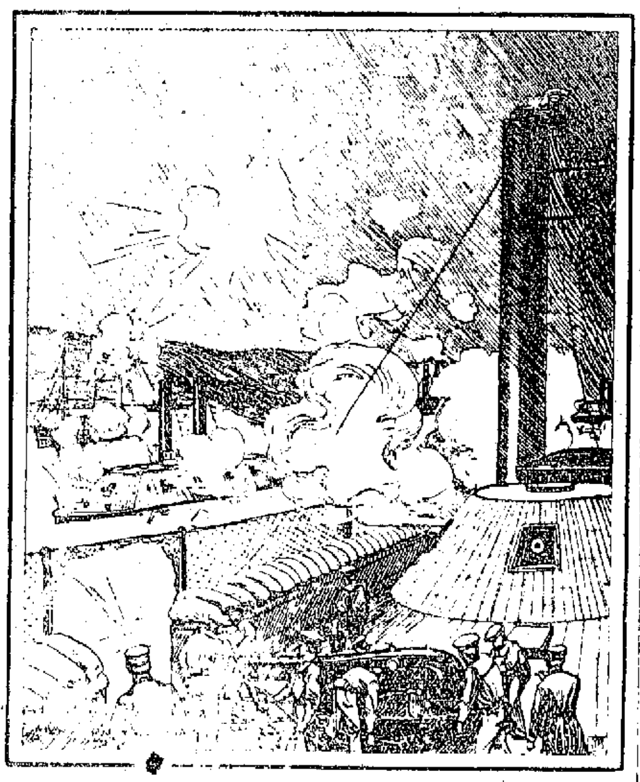
Brown knew that the escaping Federals would alarm the fleet in the Mississippi and crowded on full power to give chase. He had been hit in the fight, but with blood streaming down his cheeks walked the deck, animating his crew. One of the Federal shots had cut a pipe, and the steam dropped down to twenty pounds, hardly enough to turn the engines. But for this accident Brown would have been able to use the ram in the fight. Soon after the ram swung into the Mississippi it came in sight of a Federal fleet whose hulks alone seemed literally to bar the channel of the mighty river. There were ironclads superior in armor and speed to the ram, in all seven rams and ten seagoing ships of war, "300 men, 300 heavy guns and a vast squadron of ironclads, gunboats, frigates, etc., against a single Confederate vessel of ten guns and 200 men."

Without a second's delay to [illegible] the Arkansas dashed into the line, [illegible] charging gunboat [illegible] with shot. To the Louisville, next encountered, [illegible] gave a starting broadside. After the Benton, Louisville and Cincinnati were passed, the guns of the ram [illegible] everything within [illegible]. Then the ram [illegible] gauntlet past nine of the [illegible]. In the Federal fleet [illegible] quois, Richmond, [illegible] to, Wissahickon, [illegible] every one a hero of Farragut's [illegible] New Orleans. Every one of them landed a shot somewhere on the ram. Two eleven inch shells penetrated [illegible] and fearful execution. A shell exploded in the cotton bale lining of the [illegible] bulwarks, sending up a blaze and annihilating a crew of sixteen men. [illegible] of the shots merely dented the armor of the ram. Four of the nine ships were punctured by the ram's shots. While she was engaged with them the Federal ram Lancaster tried to run her down, but the Arkansas held her up with three shots through her steam pipes.

For an hour the Federal ships chased the ram, but finally a rifle shell from the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg warned them that they had struck the dead line. The naval siege of Vicksburg was raised, and the Confederate army and the populace turned out to welcome the blood stained hero Brown and his daring crew.

The marvelous run of the single ship through an immense fleet of enemies spread consternation among the Federal commanders. What was to hinder the Arkansas from continuing down the river and recapturing New Orleans? The Essex gunboat and ram Queen of the West one night dropped past the Vicksburg guns and tried to seal the fate of the ram. But the crew was alert and sent the ships back home filled with holes. Still later, while Brown was away on sick leave, the commander of the ram tried to take her down the river to Baton Rouge, but, falling in with a powerful fleet of the enemy, he set her on fire and abandoned her. Her old foe, the Essex, poured a furious fire into her, and she exploded just as Brown, following his ship across country on horseback, came within view. The Arkansas was gone, but had vanished with her colors flying.

GEORGE L. KILMER.



THE ARKANSAS RUNNING THROUGH THE FEDERAL FLEET

THEY LIKE SLOW WAITERS.

Folks Who Would Rather See and Be Seen Than Eat.

"That woman will make a kick before her order is filled," said a head waiter at an uptown restaurant one evening, pointing to a well dressed woman who sat with an elderly man at one of the small tables in the palm garden.

"How do you know?" the guest asked.

"Well, you see, she comes here to 'rubber,' and she came too early. The only way she can kill time is to find fault with what is being served. We have lots of customers of that kind. They dress up in their very best clothes and come here just before the theater crowd arrives. They come to see and to be seen and care mighty little about what they have to eat.

"It is fun to see the way they kill time when they come early. An old trick is to get a table and then say: 'We won't order yet. We're waiting for some one.' 'Some one' never comes, and finally the order for some raw oysters or a salad is given, and if we serve them quickly the waiter gets a small tip. If the waiter loafs and serves all the others first, his tip is larger. They nibble and fuss over their little luncheon, and the man in the party usually smokes his cigar to the bitter end before the 'rubber party' breaks up. There, I told you that woman would kick. Do you see the club sandwich going back? It is probably too cold or too hot, but it's neither. It is simply too soon. The 'rubber guest' is a great find for the slow waiter. He is the only guest who puts a premium on slow service."—New York Tribune.

The Domestic's Side of It.

"I would much rather work for a family in moderate circumstances than for a rich family," confided a parlor maid. "In a house where there are three servants one gets much better treatment than in one where there are a dozen. Do you know what you eat in a great big millionaire establishment? Why, corned beef and cabbage, chuck roast, beans and potatoes, foods that are good 'fillers,' and for dessert you get boiled rice and for a treat Waldorf-Astoria pudding. Don't you know what Waldorf-Astoria pudding is? That is bread pudding. In a smaller house, where the servants are not in number more than two or three, we get ice cream, chicken, rib roasts, fresh vegetables and strawberries. You get, you see, exactly the same food that your mistress does. But in the big place, where the servants number a dozen and where very expensive foods are served every day, it is impossible to let you fare as the head of the house does. It would cost too much money."—Kansas City Journal.

Mythical Horses.

Pegasus ("born near the source of the ocean") was the winged horse of Apollo and the Muses. Bellerophon rode this animal when he charged the Chimera.

Sleipnir ("the black horse of Odin") had eight legs and could carry his master on sea as well as land. This animal is believed to typify the wind, which blows from eight different points.

Al Borak ("the lightning") was the horse commissioned by Gabriel to carry Mohammed to the seventh heaven. He had a human face and the wings of an eagle. Every step he took was equal to the farthest range of human vision.

According to Thessalian legend the first horse was miraculously brought forth by Neptune striking a rock with his trident.

Country Training the Best.

That town life is the worst possible training for young people is proved by history. Nearly all of the great men of the world have come from the farm. The reason is quite plain. The country boy, if he is the right kind of boy, spends his time building himself up mentally and physically. The city boy too often spends his days in idleness and his evenings at saloons and theaters. He is not prepared for the battle of life and is left behind by the country boy. J. M. Terrell of Marshall, Mo., Before Stonewall Literary Society.

Knew Her Treasures.

Mr. Winks—Why didn't you give the children any lunch today?

Mrs. Winks—We have all been invited to Mrs. De Quiet's to tea.

Mr. Winks—Good gracious! What difference does that make?

Mrs. Winks—I want them to be hungry enough to eat what's set before them without asking impertinent questions.

Breaking It Gently.

Rich Uncle—You might as well stop mooning about Miss Beauty. She hasn't been in love with you after all. She's been after the money she thought she would inherit from me.

Nephew—Impossible! Why do you think so?

Rich Uncle—Because I have proposed to her myself and been accepted.

Its Bright Side.

"Do you never consider," asked the Rev. X. Horter, "that even prison has its bright side?"

"Sure," replied the convict, "and I can't help thinkin' and longin' fur it."

"For what?"

"The outside."

Evarts and Reed.

William M. Evarts once met Thomas B. Reed in the capitol at Washington and said to him, "Mr. Speaker, I half suspect that you believe that a deliberative body is like a woman—if it deliberates it is lost."

The English channel is nowhere more than 900 feet deep. The Irish sea is 2,130 feet.

HIGHWAY WOOING

By JAMES H. BEARD

Copyright, 1902, by James H. Beard

It is no small matter to lose both home and friends. Even at the moment of the quarrel I had realized that, but now, alone on the dark road, all which the sacrifice was like to mean came upon me with redoubled force. Still there was no thought in my mind of turning back. Though my heart was bursting, I merely set my lips tight and rode on, on. When a man's temper is bad, his spurs are busy. Poor Edward sprang along in great leaps, threatening every moment to bring us both down with broken necks.

Suddenly I brought my beast up with a jerk and listened. In a moment it came again, a cry for help.

I knew every foot of the country about, and I was sure that the sound came from an old branch of the road, now seldom used, which ran parallel to the one I was on. The two were separated by perhaps fifty yards.

In a moment I was out of the saddle and had scrambled into the brush, well knowing that at this point the woods were far too dense to drive a horse through. After what seemed an interminable time I reached the second road and stood gazing up and down in the faint light. Then I marked my quarry, a dark, struggling mass, and again I charged wildly forward, sword in hand.

It was a sight to fill a saint with the lust for murder. Two evil looking ruffians had just succeeded in pulling a girl from her saddle and were now bent on tying her hands. The poor thing was all but spent from her exertions and in a pitiful plight. Her dress was torn and her hair flying in wild confusion. The villains were well pleased to struggle with one defenseless girl, but, by Our Lady, in another moment they were glad enough to let her go and to think only of their own lives.

The light in the road was bad, and this helped me, as there was small chance for sword play, only fierce rushes and quick cuts, with little attempt at defense. One of the men went down with my sword in his throat before we had fairly begun the fight. His fellow touched me on the arm before I could disengage, but it was a mere scratch. The man still on his feet was far superior to me in swordsmanship, but I was young and agile, and I sprang from side to side until he lost track of my blade in the bad light and I ran him through.

The girl was standing by her horse when I turned. A beam of light from the rising moon forced its way through the tangle of branches and lit up her face.

I recognized it instantly—that calm, proud face which I knew so well and had so little reason to love. As I looked at her then I was forced to admit what my sister had said to me many, many times that very morning, that she was a wondrous fair woman.

Now that the danger was quite over I was rather at a loss what to do next, but the girl relieved me of this embarrassment.

"I am traveling to Aldgate and have lost my way," she said. "If you can set me on the right road, I shall be still more indebted to you, granting that possible," this with a glance at the two fallen men.

"My horse is on the new road some fifty yards from here," I said. "I myself am traveling to Aldgate and shall be glad to offer you my escort."

"Which I shall be even more glad to accept," she said quickly, "and were I to meet more ruffians I might not find another rescuer so ready at my call."

A short distance back the woods were more open, and after helping her to remount I led her horse to the new road, came upon Edward and swung into the saddle.

For some time we rode on in silence. I could feel her eyes, however, and I knew she was reading me as only women can read men, but I possessed one little secret which I mentally defied her to guess.

"It is very fortunate for me that commerce should call you to Aldgate on this particular night," she said at last, and she could have said nothing which I would have found more exasperating, for it showed clearly that she had decided I was a clerk.

"I have no business in Aldgate," I said tartly. "Aldgate is a seaport, and I am headed for the low countries."

"The wars?" she questioned quickly.

"The wars," I repeated, with my head high.

She answered this with a low laugh and question that made my cheeks burn.

"What has made you suddenly desire to turn soldier?"

The girl seemed to read my past life like an open book; but one fact she had not read, nor did I intend she should. Still there was no reason why I might not tell her part of the truth.

"My father," I said, "has rather a quick temper. People say that I have inherited somewhat of it. We disagreed on a small matter."

"Your speech is brief and to the point," said my companion. "And now, principally I believe because you have not asked me, I will tell you why I am riding alone to Aldgate. My father has rather a quick temper. People say that I have inherited somewhat of it. We disagreed on a small matter."

And then in a flash I saw it all, why she was on the road. Truly there never was such a trick of fate as that we should meet on this night.

"It seems that a few mad words have cost us both our homes," I said.

"My quarrel was more than a few mad words!" she cried angrily. "He would have married me to a churl—a clerk, a scribbler!"

I bit my lip at that and said nothing. I knew well enough to whom he would have married her.

"A clerk," she continued, "with no more spirit than a leveret, one who loves a book better than a sword. 'Tis said he does needlework like the maids of the house, and I can well believe it."

It is easy for idle tongues to invent lies when a man does not follow the fashion of his age. I had killed too little and read too much.

"Hast ever heard of Sir Francis Bayard?" she asked, suddenly changing her tone.

"Yes," I answered, "often."

"I am his daughter," she said briefly.

I already knew that well enough, but she seemed to expect some surprise, so I drew in my breath quickly and gave a low exclamation. It sufficed, and she continued:

"I am his daughter, and we have quarreled because I would not marry a churl." She seemed to have a special relish for that title.

"I have left his house, and go back I shall not. I have an uncle in Aldgate, but in truth he can do little for me. My father will scour the country, and this uncle is no man to hold out against Sir Francis Bayard. I doubt much," and this she said in a low voice, which seemed to invite contradiction, "if there be any man in all the country round who for my sake would brave my father."

No gentleman could listen unmoved to such a challenge from such a woman.

"I have little beside my sword to offer you," I said, "but, believe me, that shall ever be at your service."

I know not just when the change came, but at that moment I meant every word I said.

"It is a brave sword," said Mistress Bayard and then, after a moment, continued, "I have brought with me jewels of considerable value, enough to raise a company of men to take with you to the low countries." She paused, waiting for me to speak.

I knew not whether to be angry or to laugh at her. Mistress Mary Bayard rather than marry Henry Sheldon was ready to throw herself into the arms of a nameless adventurer; but, then, I was the nameless adventurer.

"You have not asked my name," I said.

"I have heard your voice, I have caught a few glimpses of your face, and I have seen you fight; but, in truth, I would know your name."

The moon had come out bright and full by now. I threw Edward across her path and, doffing my hat, said:

"Mistress Bayard, I am Henry Sheldon."

She half rose in her stirrups, and the color rushed into her face, but her eyes did not fall before mine. We were long so, looking into each other's eyes.

"So you did not wish to marry me?" she said finally.

"At least the disinclination was mutual."

"I know of you only through hearsay. Why have you always kept away from me?"

"No man values what he does not know."

"But you must have seen me some times."

"Yes," I said; "I have seen you. I knew you were beautiful, but I knew of your character only through what I heard. I was afraid we should not find much in common."

"And this short ride has made you change your estimate of me?"

"This short ride has changed a disobedient prodigal into a most obedient son, and were I not pledged to give you safe conduct to Aldgate I should even now turn back and marry as my father wished."

"Far be it from me," she said in the tone of a father confessor, "to distract this good youth from so worthy a resolution. Ever obey thy father, and all will be well with thee."

I know not which parent was the more astonished at the sudden change in his wayward offspring, but we told them no word of our affair until after the wedding.

An Everyday Matter.

There are some circumstances under which it is easy to write a letter for another person and others under which it is well nigh impossible, but not all people agree on what the circumstances are.

"I'd jess like you to write a letter to Pomp for me, please, Missy June," said the colored queen of a Boston kitchen to her young mistress. "Jess a little short, everyday letter. It won't take you but 'bout a minute."

"What shall I say?" asked the lady when pen and paper were at hand. "Tell me just what to say, Hester."

"Oh," said Hester, with a toss of her head, "I'd jess like a few words, Missy June—jess to tell him howdy an' say I made up my mind I ain't goin' to marry him, an' he'd better hurry hisself an' make sure o' Susy Ball, or most likely he'll lib an' die a mis'able ole bachelder. Dat's all."

Opened His Eyes.

Lord Mark Kerr, G. C. B., when he was commanding the Poona division in Mora some years ago vigorously encouraged soldiers' gardens. One day, taking an early stroll in mufti, he saw three or four privates raking about. Much pleased, he remarked:

"Well, my men, nice thing gardening is, isn't it? I see you take an interest in it."

"Do I?" surlily rejoined Tommy Atkins. "That's all you know! We have got an old general here who's mad on it, and we are here on fatigue duty in case he comes along."—London Chronicle.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. Jane A. Allen, late of Keating township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Rose Allen, residing in said township, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

ROSE ALLEN, Administratrix.

Smethport, Pa., June 9, 1902.



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Refreshing Drink.

The various beverages prepared at our fountain are recommended by physicians. Being absolutely pure they are perfectly harmless.

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With Choice Fruit Flavors,

stands at the head of the popular drinks, but here are some others which are much liked.

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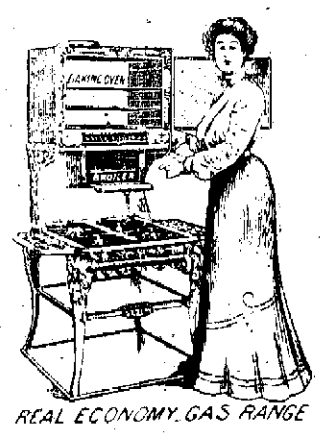
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On Exhibition and For Sale by

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 17, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Camping parties are numerous just at present.

—Read the special bargain offered by Wm. Monheimer this week.

—Holmes & Gilfillan advertise buggies and buckboards this week.

—More clearing sale bargains are offered by Fry & Herzog this week.

—Effie Powers broke the track record in Bradford last Saturday. She made a mile in 2:10.

—Mrs. Charles Miller, wife of Major General Miller of Franklin, has been adjudged insane.

—The National Guard of Pennsylvania are holding their annual encampment at Gettysburg this week.

—The Lake Shore & Michigan Central railroad broke all records last Sunday by making 481 miles in 460 minutes.

—The Straight Gas company will make application for a charter August 11, 1902. See notice in another column.

—Nearly every exchange we have seen for the past week has recorded some terrible accident from the heavy storms of last week.

—Minard Matteson, aged 20 years, was killed near Gaines, Potter county, one day last week while trying to cross the railroad track ahead of a train.

—James Stunkard, an aged and wealthy farmer living near DuBois, was tortured and robbed by masked men last Sunday. The criminals escaped.

—Ridgway is bothered with rattlesnakes. The Advocate says the warm weather is driving them from the hills down into the town. One was killed in a store there last week.

—The dance given at the platform in the park last Thursday evening was largely attended and all enjoyed themselves hugely. The cold weather urged the terpsichoreans revellers home early.

—John H. Sparks' circus visited this place, or rather East Smethport, last Friday. The street parade consisted of a band and band wagon and the balloon did not go up as advertised. However, the show under canvas was good in every particular and the large audiences were well pleased with the performances.

—Mrs. Arthur Hallam arrived at Port Allegany Friday, where she has gone to join her husband, with her dead baby in her arms, the little one having suddenly died on the train before reaching Emporium. The husband has secured work at Port Allegany and had then sent for his family to join him there. They came from New Jersey.

—C. P. Byron, while at his lease near Simpson yesterday afternoon, sustained a painful injury to his right ankle. He fell and the ankle was dislocated. There is a fracture also in connection with the dislocation. It is a very painful injury. Dr. Winger has charge of the case.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

—"Thursday morning at 3 o'clock Capt. Sculley of the police force received a telephone message informing him of depredations in Ridgway of a bad gang of burglars, says the Bradford Era. It was stated that the chief of police of that town, in an effort to capture the desperadoes, had been shot in the shoulder. It was supposed that the burglars had come this way on a B., R. & P. coal train.

—"Mansfield has no licensed places for the sale of liquor," says the Dushore Review, "and there is but one soda water fountain in town. It is said a man may wink his left eye into paralysis and get nothing but the mildest kind of fizz. People there quench their thirst at the fount of knowledge as represented by the State Normal school, and buttermilk and spring water supply all that is needed in addition."

—Another howl has been made about our water supply for fire protection. The water supply is all right but the fault lies with either the borough council or the water company. The hydrants are seldom, if ever, tested except when there is a fire and we think we are safe in asserting that to-day one-fourth of the hydrants of this borough are out of order for some cause or another. Some are broken and entirely useless while others are so full of mud that a building would be past control before a decent stream could be got through the hose.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Knights of Pythias Meeting.

The Nickel Plate road will sell Aug. 1 to 10 inclusive, special excursion tickets Buffalo to San Francisco and return at rate $92.00 good returning to Sept., 30th account above meeting. Best accommodations, fast time, lowest rates. See nearest agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 201 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Correspondence.

FARMERS VALLEY.

Mrs. Bruce Spencer and children have returned to their home in Mt. Jewett after two weeks' visit in this place.

Mr. Dodge will soon start for his home in Kentucky. He will be accompanied by Miss Alice Stull.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Otto attended the races at Olean this week. They came home by way of Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Otto were in Smethport one day last week. They attended the circus.

Miss Lucy Turner has returned to the Valley after a few days' visit with friends in Porterville.

Mrs. Nellie Burgess and children of Colesville were visiting friends in the Valley last Monday.

Mr. Leonard of New York state has been transacting business in our town the previous week.

Mr. and Mrs. Darby and Miss Nellie McGill were calling on friends in Colesville last Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Moore of Indiana has been visiting her father, Mr. Goodwin, for a few days.

Mr. McCarty and daughter, Gertie, of Smethport were seen on our streets last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thornton were calling on friends in the Valley last Sunday.

Clyde Stull of East Smethport was calling on friends in this vicinity recently.

Miss Rosie King of East Smethport has been the guest of Miss Marie McGill.

Elmer Reed of Bradford has been spending his old friends in the Valley.

Miss Fannie Snowdance has returned home from Clarion Normal school.

Miss Libbie Cory of Coryville was seen on our streets last Sunday.

Fr. Cobis of Olean passed through our town one day last week.

Harry Reeder has been visiting his parents for a few days.

Several people attended the races at Olean this week.

John Brockham who left to Coryville last Sunday.

Claude Shattuck was in Olean last Thursday.

KANESHOLM.

Misses Margaret Armstrong, Ruth Lyte, Bernice Thompson, Juha Smith and Lauretta McCluskey of Kane walked out to 'Squire Wilkins on Friday morning and spent the day with the 'Squire's daughters. They say they had a delightful day. Miss McCluskey had a camera and she took several snap shots of rural life.

Mrs. Mary Anderson was laid at rest in the Swedish cemetery at this place on Monday afternoon, Rev. Aifsen officiating. There was a very large attendance at the funeral.

F. J. Wilkins and Ira Vantine took a drive to Kane Saturday evening. Ira has thrown away his crutches and every one is glad to see him able to walk again.

W. C. Henry of Bradford, superintendent of the United Natural Gas Co., was here last week looking after the interests of the company.

Messrs. Charles Blanchard and W. H. H. Wilkins attended the I. O. O. F. lodge at Kane on Thursday evening.

W. Vantine, foreman of the South Penn Oil Co. at this place, visited Kane on Saturday.

Dr. Larson visited Mrs. Vantine last week. She had been on the sick list for a few days.

Mrs. Chas. Razey went to Kane Monday afternoon to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. Falldine and son, George, made a business trip to Kane Saturday.

Warren Rickets of Kane was out on his wheel last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Bailey visited Bradford on Friday.

Chas. Razey made a business trip to Bradford Monday.

Rev. Yard made a business trip to Olivedale Friday.

Miss Nora Falldine went to Pittsburg on Thursday.

Some of our farmers have commenced haying.

REW CITY.

Emile Hopanson of Mt. Jewett and Miss Sadie E. Huff were united in marriage on July 3rd by Perry Mather Clegghan. They have the well wishes of many for future happiness.

They have commenced work on the new brick school house. We hope it won't share the same fate as the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Passmore are rejoicing over the arrival of a little son.

Miss Florence Wagner of Bradford is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mary Smith.

We are sorry to say that George Hickok is on the sick list.

Mrs. W. D. Murray is visiting friends in Crawford county.

WANTED—A girl for general housework in family of three. The best of wages paid to a competent girl. Inquire of H. H. Redfield.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE BEST FARMER IN TOWN

has the greatest success because he has the best implements to work with. Plows are the most important of any tool; the best plow to-day and the easiest for man and beast is the new "LeRoy Plow." The large variety of styles adapt them to all the conditions of soil. You can find just the plow for your needs and every plow is guaranteed as represented. We are not in a "Trust" or Combine." Call for catalogue and full particulars at Palmer & Dodge's Livery, Smethport, Pa.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

BARGAIN BABIES.

If babies were for sale the most inveterate bargain-hunting woman in the world would not look for a bargain baby. She would want the best baby that could be bought, regardless of price.

Every woman naturally craves a healthy, handsome child, and her craving can be gratified if she will but remember that the child's health is her own gift, and to give health she must



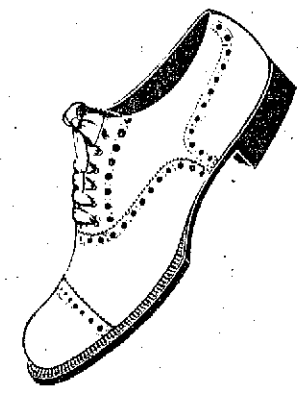
have it to give. Mothers whose babies have been weak and puny have nursed in strength their first strong child after using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the best preparative for maternity, encouraging the appetite, quieting the nerves and inducing refreshing sleep. It gives the mother strength to give her child, and makes the baby's advent practically painless.

"My wife had been sick nearly all her life," says Mr. H. H. Pucke, of Petersburg, Menard Co., Illinois, Box 473, "and after trying everything I could think of I made up my mind to try 'Favorite Prescription.' I got six bottles, which my wife took, a tablespoonful three times a day, until the baby came. She felt better after taking the first bottle, and when baby was born he weighed nine and a half pounds. To-day he is six months old and weighs twenty-two pounds. He is as good a child as any one could wish. The doctor says he is as healthy as any baby could be, and also says the use of your 'Favorite Prescription' was the cause of such a healthy baby."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best and safest laxative for the use of delicate women.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE, Smethport, Pa.



THE DULL SEASON

doesn't affect this store. We keep the crowd a coming by offering them a seasonable Bargain. For this and next week you can buy here a

$10 FLANNEL SUIT

and a pair of

$3.50 WALKOVER SHOES for

$10.

Wm. Monheimer

YOUNG PEOPLE



Should have a savings account. Start them right. A dollar will do to begin. That first dollar backed by a determination to keep at it will win them independence. You can bank by mail.

Established 1862. $12,000,000 Deposits. 30,000 Depositors. 4 per cent. Interest.

Boys and girls mention this paper when writing, and we'll mail you a valuable booklet on Money Saving; also an unique Pocket Piece.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEWS STAND

One Door East of Chautauqua House.

GASKINS & GRANT, Props.

ALL THE LEADING

Newspapers, Tobaccos & Cigars.

We have just added a choice line of Weaver Bros. candies.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.



The ORIGINAL and MOST SMOKED long cut tobacco in all the United States, manufactured with the express purpose of blending the two qualities, that of a good smoke and a good chew. It is made of ripe, cured leaf, sweetened "Burley," the only tobacco from which a perfect combination of smoking and chewing tobacco can be made.

Gail & Ax Navy is known by the distinctive character of its blue wrapper (which has many imitators), it being to-day identically the same as forty years ago, and it now stands for the quality that it did then. You get the very best, and take no chances, when you buy Gail & Ax Navy.

Baltimore, 1859. G. W. GAIL & AX.

LIEBIG'S

PEPTONIZED EXTRACT OF MALT.

A Pleasant and Valuable Tonic. Barley and Hops

Just what you want for Lost Appetite. Builds up the System.



Perfectly Pure and Extremely Agreeable. None better for invalids.

20 Cents per Bottle or $2.00 per Dozen.

J. W. Voorhees

Palace Pharmacy SMETHPORT, PA.

FOR THE FAMILY.

I have just opened my wholesale liquor store in the Reilly Block and am in position to supply the leading brands of

Wines and Liquors

for family and medicinal use. All goods are guaranteed strictly pure.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

WE HAVE COMBINED

The drawing qualities of extremely low prices for extremely High Grade Goods. We welcome the shrewd, careful and discriminating shopper, who can judge Quality, Style and Price to inspect our stock then make a comparison of prices—Grade for Grade—with what is shown elsewhere.

J. M. SLOAN,

6 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column [illegible] annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rate. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriages, and deaths notices inserted free.

Executors and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Announcements.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party.
W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 20, 1902.

CONGRESS.

Editor Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for Representative in Congress from the Twenty-First Congressional district, subject to the rules of the Republican party.
S. R. DRESSER.

Bradford, Feb. 7, 1902.

Smethport, Thursday, July 17, 1902

FOR GOVERNOR,
SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR
WM. P. BROWN.

FOR SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS
MAJOR I. B. BROWN.

FOR CONGRESS,
S. R. DRESSER
Subject to district conference.

FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
JOHN W. CAMPBELL.
J. M. McELROY

FOR SHERIFF
CHARLES E. MAYS.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE

FOR REGISTER,
JOHN B. EASTMAN.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
WM. H. MORRISON

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
JOHN P. MELVIN.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS.
JOHN A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
P. G. BARTLE.
OSCAR ENGSTROM.

King Edward has been moved from London to Cowes. He is still improving.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Last week the Secretary of the Treasury issued instructions to the collectors of customs requiring that all cats brought into the United States for breeding purposes be allowed to come in duty free. The list of different families of cats mentioned embraces Angora and Persian cats, which are long-haired, and Siamese, Manx, Mexican, Abyssinian, Indian, Russian and Japanese. Now for a law banishing all mongrel cats, especially those that work while we sleep—or try to!—Buffalo Commercial.

The chief obstacle to a Democratic campaign on the trust issue is a pretty substantial one. It is President Theodore Roosevelt. Another is Attorney General Knox. While the opposition orators and organs have contented themselves with throwing hard names at the beef trust, for instance, these two men have acted. And they have taken advantage of a Republican anti-trust statute which Mr. Cleveland's second Administration failed to enforce. These truths are going to be hammered into the comprehension of all the people East and West. They will make an anti-trust propaganda on the part of the democracy a very weary undertaking.—Boston Journal.

In the days of the republic, when there was no telegraphic service, when newspapers were few with the mail service slow and irregular, public men were depended upon to inform their constituents on public matters, and the method of reaching the greatest number of hearers was by public speaking. The changed conditions of to-day render the stump speaker of much less importance than formerly. The Indianapolis Journal well defines the present relative positions of [illegible] and the newspaper when [illegible] dispatch [illegible] have de- [illegible] campaign. Good [illegible] assist the Republican [illegible] papers during the last week of a campaign, but the regular reader of a Republican newspaper is always posted and ready to vote.

Johnstown, Pa., was again stricken with a terrible catastrophe last Thursday. An explosion of fire damp in the mines of the Cambria Steel company caused the death of 114 workmen and badly, perhaps fatally, injured a large number of others. Six hundred men, nearly all of them foreigners, were at work in the mine when the explosion occurred. Not more than three hundred of them reached the surface in safety. A rescuing party was immediately formed and an attempt was made to reach the entombed miners, but the men were overcome by gases and several of them perished. It is supposed the accident was caused by the foreigners' habit of amusing themselves by igniting the mine gases. The bodies of the victims were nearly all buried in long trenches, it being found impossible to hire enough men to dig single graves.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1902.

"There is absolutely nothing in the Democratic claim that the Republican party cannot 'make good' their promises in regard to the trusts and the Panama canal," said Senator Foraker, whom I met at the temporary White House on Friday. "On the contrary, I believe that Congress will warmly support the President in his desire to secure legislation which will enable the government to curb the tendency of certain trusts to advance prices beyond reason. I am not prepared to say that all trusts are pernicious and I have never heard the President make such a claim. The Sugar Trust, for instance, has materially reduced the price of sugar to the consumer and at the same time has employed a large number of American workingmen at good wages. The Standard Oil company has reduced the price of oil to the consumer to the minimum. It stands to reason that institutions doing a large business can afford to employ experts in all their departments and with their help reduce the cost of production to the lowest figure and at the same time realize the greatest returns from the by products. The Beef Trust, on the other hand, has brought public condemnation on itself, and as a result the federal government is now prosecuting it in the courts. If the Attorney General deems the present law inadequate to enable him to accomplish proper supervision and restraint over the trusts, Congress will stand ready to uphold his hands by the enactment of legislation which will prove efficient."

Referring to the canal Senator Foraker said that in so far as he had been informed, everything possible was being done to facilitate its construction and that he believed there was nothing but [illegible] of Democratic claims to the contrary. The Senator frankly admitted that there was a time when he feared that the Democrats might gain control of the House at the fall elections [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] President has selected Representative Littlefield of Maine to draft an anti-trust law which will meet with the approval of the President and of the Attorney General as well as with that of Mr. Littlefield himself. This report has [illegible] and Mr. Littlefield [illegible] affirm or deny it, but it is [illegible] regarded as being very [illegible] It is anticipated that Mr. Roosevelt will foreshadow the necessity of such a law in his message to Congress, much as he did in his last message, and that Mr. Littlefield will then introduce a bill which the President, in conversation with the leaders of the party, will support. There is undoubted necessity for such a law and it is deemed likely that the law which Mr. Littlefield will present will receive the support of many of the greatest financiers of the country. As Mr. Roosevelt intimated in his previous message, one of the greatest dangers of the trusts is over-capitalization, and he has frequently expressed the belief that were the affairs of the trusts made public this tendency would be overcome, at least to a large extent. Some of the leading financiers support Mr. Roosevelt in this view and regard with the gravest apprehension the day when "the water will be squeezed out of trust stocks," as they express it. They say that such an event were it to come suddenly would precipitate a panic of unprecedented proportions and that if federal legislation can be used to prevented unwarranted inflation of stocks it will make for the financial prosperity and stability of the country. The enhancement of prices is regarded as by far the lesser evil, particularly as it is believed that any serious increase will be followed by such severe competition as to insure a return to a normal basis.

Mr. Roosevelt's staunch adherence to the principles of civil reform have long been regarded by certain politicians as a source of strength in national politics but apparently that view is losing ground for the Republican leaders have seen fit to give the President's civil service record a leading place in the Republican handbook. As a matter of fact the people are coming to realize more and more that civil service reform makes for clean government and an economical administration of the public funds and there is little doubt but that they will support Mr. Roosevelt more enthusiastically because he has never swerved from his convictions and has been energetic and consistent in his efforts to remove from the executive departments in Washington the last trace of the "spoils system." Before leaving for Oyster Bay Mr. Roosevelt caused the civil service commission to issue two orders, one providing that no employe of the government shall be promoted except on the recommendation of his chief and that political influence is not to be considered in making promotions, the other providing for the establishment of examining boards in each department to select that class of employes known as "laborers," merit and general qualifications to be the only consideration in their appointment. This removes the last class of employes from Congressional domination, and hereafter there is reason to believe that the members of Congress will be freed from one of the most exacting requirements which has heretofore attached to their official positions, that of securing federal positions for their more influential constituents.

Great interest attaches in Washington to the statement of Senator Burton of Kansas, made at Topeka a week ago today, in which he said that had thirty-five Republican Senators come to the beet sugar Senators and said: "We are going to pass that bill," meaning the Cuban Reciprocity bill, they could have done so. Senator Burton also said: "There are not fifteen Republican Senators out of the fifty-four who are in favor of the present bill at heart." The charge is made that either a number of Senators played the part of traitors, appearing to take sides with the President when they were really opposed to his policy, or else Senator Burton is vastly mistaken in his statement, and there is some talk of a "round robin" requesting the Kansas Senator to make good his allegation by the publication of the names of those whom he claims encouraged the beet sugar Senators to hold out.





One of the Many Dainty Shoes.

Now this season and shown in our stock is the John Kelley. It's an Oxford and a very pretty one indeed. Looks well on any foot.

Comes in Kid and Patent Kid.

Price, $2.00 and $3.00.

Ladies will have no trouble in finding here shoes that fit perfectly. We study the feet and carry such a large number of styles and sizes that it is easy matter to put the feet into comfortable shoes.

Anderson & Carlson
SMETHPORT PA.

PREPARED FOOD FOR EVERY MEAL.

PREPARED FOR
Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner and Supper.

COME TO OUR STORE.
SEE FOR YOURSELF.
WE COULD NOT BEGIN TO ENUMERATE THE ARTICLES.

No trouble to show or deliver goods.

Prices Right and Goods the Best.

We are not here to-day and away to-morrow. We intend to live here, do business here and probably die here.

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

You will find us in New Quarters two doors west of Post Office.

If you want any plumbing, steam or gas fitting or supplies for same come and see us.

The Palmer Plumbing Co
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Easter Styles in
Millinery

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

Do not fail to call and inspect our complete line of
Spring & Summer Millinery
at your earliest convenience. All the latest and most becoming styles and shapes are here.

INTERESTED MEN

Will be pleased to learn that we have [illegible] comfort in store for them.

A FLANNEL or SERGE SUIT and NEGLIGEE SHIRT and STRAW HAT make a good combination for this season.

We have extensive lines of these goods—coats and trousers—single or in suits. Straw Hats, Outing Caps, Negligee Shirts in ever so many patterns, Belts, Hose, etc, etc. Every comfortable thing for the season's wear. Not a bright idea escapes us we are sure to have it, at a pleasing price.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,

THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

D. C. YOUNG

New lot of silk umbrellas, for ladies and gents, just received at store of D. C. Young. Handsome assortment of handles, quality good, and prices much lower than usual.

Also new lot of men's dress shirts, which I am selling for 50c, manufactured to sell for 75c each.

Last consignment of shirt waists and summer dresses just in. Call and look over same before it is too late, as they are selling rapidly.

On summer dress goods I have reduced the prices. Nice line of lawns, dimities, etc., at 10c per yard; also printed challies at 5c per yard.

Stock of dry goods, boots, shoes and groceries complete. All goods sold for cash and for prices they cannot be beaten. Call and examine stock and satisfy yourself.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., June 17, 1902.

Spring Styles
FOR MEN AND BOYS

The Spring Season of Nineteen Hundred and Two finds us elegantly equipped in Styles, Workmanship and Material for the demands of our Patrons and we are ready for your Spring and Summer Orders at once

Satisfactory Work Guaranteed

You should visit our establishment look over the samples and styles and make your selection now. While they are not necessarily "loud" our clothes "speak for themselves."

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

ICE CREAM.

Ice Cream furnished in bulk from one quart up by the Pleasant Valley Dairy. We furnish Alfred Hagberg, Peterson Bros., McCoy's Drug Store and T. J. Young. Orders left with Alfred Hagberg or the milk wagon will be promptly filled.

The people of Smethport and vicinity are invited to call and inspect our dairy at any time.

Pleasant Valley Dairy.

Brasted's Delicious Candies
For the Summer Trade.

Rochester Business Institute
Qualifies a man to go into business for himself; qualifies young men and women to accept and helps them secure BUSINESS POSITIONS that lead to BUSINESS SUCCESS. Commercial and Shorthand courses. Several positions waiting for every competent young man stenographer. Inquiries solicited. Catalogue sent free.
144 SOUTH AVENUE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

AT.....
J. Colegrove's
CAN BE FOUND A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES.

Chase & Sanborn's Celebrated Boston Coffee. Ask for F. S. Flour and take no other "just as good."

Try our English Breakfast Tea.

All goods delivered promptly.

Try us on your next week's groceries.

J. COLEGROVE.
106 East Main Street.

Hot Weather Wearables

Summer Suitings, in Serges, Flannels, Homespuns and Wool Crashes, priced from

$5.00 to $14.00.

These garments are tailored in first class style and we guarantee a perfect fit. We have not overlooked the boys or children this summer. We have Flannel Suits, Wash Suits, Linen Pants, cool waists, Shirts and Blouses for the little folks, at very moderate prices.

Also a complete assortment of

Straw Hats, Belts, Underwear.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store.
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Sole agents for QUEEN QUALITY, the Famous Shoe for Women

July Clearance Sale of Summer Goods.

Remember we have the exclusive sale for Standard Patterns.

Good store keeping compels quick action and resolute purpose. This is the time of year when certain stocks must be reduced even though involving losses. Things must not stay too long in one place. Manufacturers go by the same rule. Disposing of all overplus products as soon as regular orders have been filled. On this ground they and the live merchant meet. We are ever on the alert for bargains. These bargains are yours.

Special Sale of

SHIRT WAIST SUITS

The Shirt Waist Suit grows in popular favor all the time; it has comfort and practicality in its favor, and to these advantages we add another—low price.

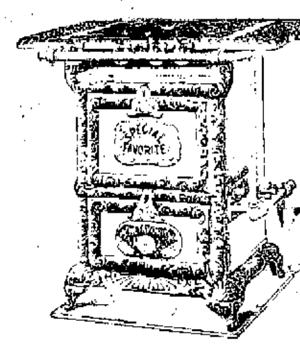
Shirt Waist Suit of sheer white lawn—back of waist has four groups of five tucks each; front has tucked plait down centre. Skirt has five gores with full flare flounces, trimmed at top with a stitched band of the goods.

Regular value $5.?? to go at $3.50. Other values at proportionately low prices.

Women's Skirts to go at half price.
$1.25 Crash Skirts at $.62
$1.50 Linen Skirts at $.75
We have big bargains to offer in
Dress Skirts,
Shirt Waists,
Petticoats,
Corset Covers,
Belts,
Mitts,
Kimonos,
Dressing Sacques,
Hammocks,
Porch Pillows.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.





Your Credit Is Perfectly Good.

For any GAS RANGE or REFRIGERATOR we have. Make us a small cash payment and agree to pay us a small weekly payment and we will place in your home one of our best GAS RANGES or REFRIGERATOR and charge you no more for it than if you paid us cash. Come in and talk it over with us.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 17, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Subscribe for the Miner and Redfield's Magazine. The two for $1.20 in advance.

—A dog fight near the postoffice Tuesday evening created considerable excitement for a few minutes.

—Rev. F. S. Calvin will speak next Sunday morning on "The In-Dwelling Christ." His theme in the evening will be "Take Heed to Thyself."

—A girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sasse on Sunday, July [illegible] "Nig" was around with cigars Monday to receive congratulations.

—The members of the M. E. Sunday school held a picnic in the park Tuesday afternoon. The attendance was large and all had a delightful time.

—County Commissioner A. M. Boardman will move his family to Bradford next week. Their many Smethport friends will be sorry to lose such an estimable family.

—Redfield's Magazine for August is out and it contains some excellent reading. Send in your subscription now for the MINER and Redfield's. Both for $1.20 per year, cash in advance.

—The County Treasurer will sue July 21, 1902, for all Mercantile and other State Licenses remaining unpaid. Merchants and others owing these licenses will save the costs of suit by remitting at once.

—East Smethport can beat any town of its size in the country for dances. On an average three dancing parties are given there every week and the managers make money on every one of them.

—A large party of our young people were camped on Larabee flats this week. The mosquitoes got the best of them and the whole party returned home to-day, although originally they intended to stay some time longer.

—A miners' or little German band serenaded our people on Monday and Tuesday. They executed some very original renditions of "The Holy City" and "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" and picked up considerable coin.

—The B., B. & K. will run an excursion to the Kinzua bridge on Sunday next. The attractions will be an ox roast and clam bake. Train leaves Smethport at 10 a. m., returning leaves bridge at 4 p. m. Fare for round trip, 50 cents.

—Three rural free delivery mail routes from this place will be established September 1st. One goes to Nowerf on one side of the creek and returns on the other. Another to the Devil's Elbow on the Port Allegany road, down Kent Hollow and [illegible] Hollow. The third down to [illegible] Valley on one side of the creek and back on the other. These routes will be of great benefit to residents along the different [illegible].

—William Heller, a [illegible] was [illegible] in Moyer [illegible] At the time it was [illegible] supposed that the [illegible] was filled as a precaution. Early in the week Heller was taken ill with hydrophobia and yesterday he died.

—A bunch of fakirs opened a Street Midway in town last Saturday. They had snake [illegible] charmers, knife rack and a number of other catch-penny devices. We imagine they did not do a very good business or they did not reopen Monday.

—The McKean county fire insurance underwriters held a meeting in Bradford last Friday. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. F. Specht, president; George Paton, vice president; E. E. Tait, secretary; David Howells, treasurer.

—The Brookland Hunting and Fishing club will purchase of the Goodyears several thousand acres of forest land along Nine Mile creek, Potter county, adjoining their preserve. This move will give the club control of 10,000 acres of land in all and many miles of trout streams.

—A number of the creditors of Max Schooler, who is doing a dry goods and clothing business in this place, have filed a petition in bankruptcy against him in the United States district court. He has admitted his insolvency and has expressed his willingness to be adjudged a bankrupt.

—Lester Prouty was taken to the poor house last Thursday. Les, as he is familiarly called, has been one of the characters of this borough for the past 20 years. He is a veteran of the civil war and at one time was an unusually bright man, but conditions got the better of him. He has no relatives in this section.

—A small barn belonging to Samuel Green was destroyed by fire last Thursday afternoon, just after our edition was printed. The contents of the barn, which were quite valuable, were saved. The fire company responded to the alarm but the building, which burned very rapidly, was past saving before they could ascend the steep hill.

—We have sent out a large number of bills for subscription this week and to those who settle promptly we offer Redfield's Magazine free for one year. To those who have received the second bill for subscription we will say that unless the same is settled before August 20 we will commence to enforce collection. We do not wish to be hard on any of our patrons but we must have our money some time and now is the time.

—John W. Moore of Bradford, a B. R. & P. conductor, was instantly killed at Falls Creek Tuesday evening, by being run down by a special as he was crossing the tracks. His body was horribly mangled, the whole train passing over him. He was highly respected and leaves a wife and family in Bradford.

—The marriage of Mr. T. F. Mullin, a well-known attorney, and Miss Eva Walker, both of Bradford, was solemnized at St. Bernard's church, Bradford, yesterday morning by the Rev. T. M. O'Hern. Mr. and Mrs. Mullin are on an Eastern wedding trip and on their return will reside permanently in Bradford. The many friends of Mr. Mullin in this place tender congratulations.

—The sum of $[illegible], being the unexpended balance of the Fourth of July Fund for the year 1900, has been handed over by the old committee to Charles H. Gleason for the new park; the consideration being that the park shall at all times be free to the public; no tickets of admission to the grounds to be sold and that large picnic parties shall have the use of the grounds at a reasonable figure.

—A very pleasant family reunion was held at the home of Ira Burdick in Norwich last Sunday. Mr. Burdick is in his [illegible] year and four generations were present at this reunion—Ira Burdick, his son, Chester A., his son, Ralph E. and his son, Hamlin. Among the immediate relatives present were C. A. Burdick, wife and son, Sidney; Ralph E. Burdick, wife and son of Smethport; B. F. Burdick and wife of Syracuse; F. A. Burdick and family of Keating township and E. F. Burdick, wife and son of Pittsburg.

A Quiet Wedding.

Mr. Finton Whelan was united in marriage to Miss Pearl A. Digel at the bride's home on Water street at [illegible] o'clock Wednesday morning by Rev. F. S. Calvin of the First Baptist church.

The ceremony was witnessed only by the immediate families of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Whelan were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Victor E. Martin-Digel, brother and sister of the bride. The bride was becomingly attired in a blue cloth gown in which she went away.

A dainty wedding breakfast was served under the direction of Mrs. Vanblad.

The bride is a well known and popular young lady, held in high esteem by all who know her, having lived in Smethport all her life, and the groom is to be congratulated upon his good choice. Mr. Whelan is a highly honored and industrious young man in the employ of the Smethport Glass Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Whelan left at 9:14 on the Pennsylvania train for the east on a short wedding trip which will be spent with the groom's grandparents. Upon their return they will live on Cemetery street, where they will be at home to their friends after Aug. 1st.

Reduced Rates to The Seashore.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for [illegible] fifteen-day excursions for the present season from Erie, Renovo, [illegible] Corry, Dunkirk, [illegible] Olean, [illegible] Wilcox, Warren, [illegible] and principal intermediate stations to Rehoboth, [illegible] Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, [illegible] on July [illegible], August [illegible] 1902.

Excursion tickets, good for return by regular trains within fifteen days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all-rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

Stop-over can be had at Philadelphia either going or returning.

For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains consult hand bills, apply to ticket agents, E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent Buffalo Division, [illegible] Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cheap Excursions.

The Nickel Plate road is selling very low-rate one way and round trip tickets to points in Colorado, Utah, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, etc. Three splendid fast through trains each way daily, finest coaches, Pullmans and tourist cars. Individual club meals 35¢ to $1.00, also meals a la carte. See nearest agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

I have the agency for the best gas range on the market. In fact it is the only perfect gas range on the market. It is the one "that makes the others look sick." Call and see it before buying anything else and you will have nothing else.

J. C. HAMLIN.

Gasoline in large or small quantities for cleaning purposes. Prices reasonable. PALMER PLUMBING CO.

Two tons binders' twine for sale by Palmer & Dodge.
Smethport, Pa., July 15, 1902. 4t

Royal Fruit Jars are easiest to use. No more trouble with leaky tops. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Charles Lemmler's fly net and lap dusters are the best in town and the prices are right.

The Gas company don't like the Favorite Gas Range. I wonder why? H. H. Redfield.

Get Charles Lemmler's prices on traveling bags and trunks. He has the latest styles.

Screen doors and window screens. All sizes at Redfield's Hardware.

Hot Plates and Ovens. They are gas savers. Redfield's Hardware.

Sectional Burners at the lowest prices. Redfield's Hardware.

Mrs. S. S. Woodbury,
47 Mechanic St. Bradford, Pa.
Finest and Medium Grade Millinery.
At prices far below the high rent district. Also we do French Accordian Plaiting 1 to 48 inches, Guaranteed equal to New York City Work. Mail and Express Orders Returned Promptly.

PERSONAL MENTION.

F. A. Davenport had business in Kane Monday.

Arthur Wright is spending a few days in Olean.

J. F. Olmsted had business in Buffalo this week.

Mrs. S. D. Weaver visited her parents in Kane Sunday.

Fred Bregman visited Kane the forepart of the week.

E. W. Strong of Austin had business in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest visited Buffalo this week.

Guy B. Mayo went to Coudersport last night on business.

Leo McCabe of Erie is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mrs. Chas. H. Moore of Indiana, Pa., is visiting friends in town.

Misses Pearl, Lois and Hazel Green are visiting at Bear Lake, Pa.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Cutler returned to their home in Oneonta Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Backus of Olean visited friends in town over Sunday.

L. K. Hogarth and Chas. R. Schauman are fishing in Potter county this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Digel of Kushequa visited Smethport friends Tuesday.

B. M. Shook of Warren was the guest of his parents the forepart of the week.

F. B. Dean of Buffalo was in town this week renewing old acquaintances.

Miss Mara Griffith of Marion Center is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

Miss Elizabeth Lesser of New York was the guest of Mrs. W. O. Herzog Friday.

Mrs. A. T. Palmer is visiting friends in R[illegible] Island. She will be absent a month.

J. C. Backus and wife of Eldred were guests of his mother, Mrs. J. C. Backus, over Sunday.

Wm. Monheimer has returned from Boston and New York where he was buying goods.

Will Upper, Corte Corwin and Fred McCoy were among the visitors at the Olean races yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Dutton and son, Harold, left to-day for a visit at Buffalo, Medina and Rochester.

Mrs. J. G. Amsler and daughter of Mt. Jewett were guests of friends in town a few days last week.

Miss Bertha Wetenhall has returned from a visit to Kane. She was accompanied by Miss Eva Beckwith.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Thamm and daughter, Vora, of New York are visiting at the home of Emil Thamm, Mechanic street.

Tom M. McClellan, editor of the Mt. Jewett Herald, had business in town Tuesday. He was a spectator at the balloon [illegible].

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] J. Hamlin and infant daughter returned home Saturday and [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] on West Main street.

R. E. Burdick and T. F. Richmond of this borough and C. F. [illegible] of Port Allegany [illegible] Buffalo [illegible] by boat for Sault St. Marie, head of Lake Huron [illegible] they will be joined by John Forrest of Smethport and W. W. [illegible] of Bradford and all go into Canada for a camping trip of three weeks.

Messrs. Guy McCoy and Ralph Gleason drove over from Smethport Sunday accompanied by the Misses Carrie Servatius and Hattie Ryan. They registered at the Sartwell House where somebody adds the [illegible] to the register. During their stay in town they took occasion to call upon Mr. and Mrs. E. [illegible] Stucholm.—Port Allegany Argus.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Central

State Normal School.

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. Flickinger, A. M., Sc. D., Principal.

Fall term opens Sept. 8th, 1902.

Offers free tuition to prospective teachers.

This institution is one of the foremost Normal Schools of the state. Has the handsomest and most modern buildings, a well educated faculty and a beautiful location. It also offers excellent courses in Music, Elocution, Shorthand, and has an excellent College Preparatory Department. Expenses absolutely lower than in any other institution of equal rank.

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DRY GOODS—CARPETS—MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
CARPETS MADE FREE.

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17 PIECES—Figured Dimities, Mulls, Batistes and Hemstitched Lawns. Black and white and fancy color combinations. This season's goods and correct in every particular. Regular prices 15c to 20c.

Special one week, 10c yd.

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WAGONS, BUGGIES AND BUCKBOARDS.

All our heavy wagons and buckboards are the highest class, our own HAND MAKE. Nothing but the best of material goes into their construction.

We are prepared to turn out quickly any special or extra job work. We make a specialty of extra buggy and wagon WHEELS. Also TOPS, CUSHIONS, DASHES, CURTAINS and all kind of wagon extras.

GET OUR PRICES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Smethport Bicycle Shop,

SIDNEY H. BROUGHAM, Prop.

Dealer in

Bicycles and Sundries of all kinds. Repairing done and work guaranteed. Wheels to rent by day or hour. Those wishing wheels for Sunday will please speak for them on Saturday.

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Opposite Bottling Works. Smethport, Pa.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
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Holleywood Mixed Paints

are the best. Tney wear the best because they are perfectly mixed from lead and oil.

I have a large stock in all colors and shades and white and black.

This paint is always ready for use. Call and get prices.

H. C. WELLS.

KODAKS AND KODAK SUPPLIES.

We are agents for Eastman's Kodaks in this section. Our prices are as low as anywhere.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

HER SECOND ENGAGEMENT

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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"I've come for that job," announced a voice in which there was a quiver despite the assurance of the speech. "I need it in my business, and you might as well let me have it before I talk you to death."

Francis Bartow looked up with an amused smile. As he had been a theatrical manager for seventeen years he was used to all sorts of demands from players, actual and prospective, but the speech accorded so illy with the tiny little figure before him that he could not conceal his amusement. Hers was a serious face, with big, pathetic eyes and a mouth that quivered in spite of the bold front its owner turned to Bartow.

"What job?" he asked. "I have two positions still unfilled. One is the leading woman. You could not play that. The other is a small part, hardly a dozen lines. That would not be worth while."

"I guess it would be nearer my ability," she said, with a quaint little laugh. "You see, I've never been on the stage before, and I couldn't very well do leading business, could I?"

Bartow gave a low whistle. "May I inquire," he asked, with mock gravity, "why, such being the case, you make a peremptory demand upon me for that place?"

The round eyes opened wider. "Well, you see," she explained, "I had to have a position if I ever got on the stage. The others all said their companies were filled, so I thought if I insisted upon it you might try me."

"It's a hard life, my child," he urged. "I need actresses in my business, but I don't like to see you making a try. It's better to stay home with your people and go to the theater to see acting rather than try it yourself."

The rosy mouth took on a look of determination. "I've simply got to go on the stage," she announced. "All the other places are filled, and I must have this. I have no people to go to, and I can't go on typewriting the rest of my life. Please!" the voice grew pleading, "give me a little chance. I'll try so hard."

Bartow was known as a hard man to do business with, but this odd mixture of bravado and timidity caught his fancy. He reached into a pigeonhole and drew out a blue covered part book. "Here," he said, "take this home and study it. Report at Lyric hall for re-



SHE LEANED OVER, AND HER LIPS LIGHTLY BRUSHED HIS FOREHEAD.

hearsal a week from Monday at 11 sharp. I'll start you at twenty. If you make good, there will be more. What are your name and address?"

She gave a glad little cry as she took the part and hugged it to her breast. Then, acting on impulse, she leaned over, and her lips lightly brushed his forehead. "You are so good!" she murmured, and she had left the office before Bartow had recovered sufficiently to repeat his question concerning her name and address.

For a few moments he sat quietly wrapped in absorption so deep that the cigar he had laid aside when his visitor entered smoldered and grew rank. It had been years since he had been kissed—like that.

The stage manager's entrance aroused him.

"Henderson," he said, "I have just engaged a child to play the part of Alice in the new piece. I forget her name, but she will be at rehearsal all right. Be easy with her. She is new to the stage."

Bartow was the first man in Lyric hall the day set for the initial rehearsal. He had given more than a little thought to his new actress and was impatient to see whether she would come. He had not been there more than ten minutes when she entered, herself half an hour before the time set.

"You have learned one lesson," he said, "punctuality. It's a good habit to get into, but it's a hard one to acquire apparently. Do you know you never told me your name the other day?"

"I don't think I know it myself," she said frankly. "It was so strange to realize that I had really been engaged that I was all upset. Why, I got on the elevated to go uptown to Seventy-second street and rode all the way to South ferry. I had taken the wrong train and everything. You see, my people died, and I was left all alone. Typewriting was awfully hard, and I just knew that I would succeed on the stage, but nobody would give me a trial. I think I acted as though I were scared, and that was against me, so I summoned up all my courage and came to you with a demand, and it worked."

"But the name?" he persisted.

"Oh, that! It's Edna Grant. I was thinking of taking some big name for the stage. Would you?"

"I will advise you about that later," he answered. "Meanwhile you work hard, and if you make out well later on I may let you have the part of the wife. Here is Mr. Henderson, our stage manager. Come, and I will introduce you."

The introduction accomplished, Bartow left the hall, his mind filled with the vision of a pretty face. "She is a mere child," he mused, "and far too pretty to daub her face with paint and powder. Still"— The thought was left unfinished as he made a hasty movement to elude a cable car.

Henderson's reports were hardly favorable to the newcomer. To all of his complaint Bartow only laughed. "Give her a chance," he said. "She is determined to be an actress, and the only way is to prove to her that she can't act. The part is not important. She won't hurt the piece. Meanwhile have some one else handy."

Bartow watched several rehearsals and soon saw that Henderson was right, but his observation only intensified the interest with which he regarded her, and he went on with the company to the opening stand.

Miss Grant had little to do, but even that little was so poorly performed that the company regarded her pityingly. The manager was in a box, they knew, and they expected that he would come behind and give her the customary notice. Contrary to expectation, he did not leave his box until the final curtain. Then he made his way to the stage. Over in one dark corner a little heap of white caught his eye. It was the dress she had worn in the last act. He made his way to her, and as he approached the sound of sobs fell upon his ear. He leaned over.

"Don't cry," he urged. "You can't help things by crying."

She turned a tearful face to his. "But you must be so disappointed! I spoiled the play for you after you were so good to give me a chance. Now I can't even keep this part, to say nothing of the wife you promised if I did well."

"You may have the part of the wife," he answered, "but to get it you will have to do as you suggested the other day—change your name."

"Can I, really?" she gasped incredulously. "Will you try me again? What name must I take?"

"It rests with you," he said, "but I would suggest Bartow. You will never make a hit on the stage, but if you will play the part in private you will make me the happiest manager in the country."

An instant's silence, then her hand stole into his. "I guess I had better take the part," she whispered. "I know I can put my heart into my work, and I think my second engagement will turn out better than my first."

Parker's First Stories.

Gilbert Parker said of his first attempt at authorship: "I went to Archibald Forbes, with whom I was acquainted, to have him give me a note to the Macmillans, as I wanted to see whether they would not bring out a book of short stories for me. He read the stories and then invited me around to dine to give me the letter of introduction and his opinion of the stories. 'I have read your sketches,' he said after dinner, 'and I must say this of them—I have never seen such a fine collection of titles in my life.' 'There, don't say another word, Mr. Forbes,' I said. 'I understand perfectly. Each title suggests a complete idea which the story fails to carry out. I understand perfectly.' Thereupon I went home and burned every one of them. Then I sat down and wrote the first of the 'Pierre' series, which was the beginning of whatever success I ever had."

Unimpressed by Royalty.

The Duchess of Connaught during a visit to Egypt some years ago accompanied the duke at an inspection of the troops outside Omdurman.

In consequence of an accident to her saddle the duchess could not ride back on horseback, and the only ready way of reaching home was the fitting up of a gun carriage into a sort of sedan chair. In this way the duchess was carried back by Egyptian gunners in charge of a native officer, and at the end of the journey the duchess thanked the gunners and said to the officer:

"I hope your men are not tired after conveying me."

The native had not been trained in the social and royal courtesies, and his answer was not the most apt reply conceivable.

"Indeed, no, madam," said he. "You are no heavier than the gun they are accustomed to carry!"

Chances of Life and Death.

The following table is one that is used by the London assurance companies, showing the prospect of life at various ages. It is the result of several years of careful calculation and is said to seldom prove misleading or incorrect. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of average expectancy of life of the ordinary man or woman: A person 1 year old may expect to live 39 years longer; of 10 years, 51; of 20 years, 41; of 30 years, 34; of 40 years, 28; of 50 years, 21; of 60 years, 14; of 70 years, 9; of 80 years, 4. Readers can easily gather from the above statement facts which will tell them, approximately at least, how many years longer they may reasonably expect to live according to the law of averages.

Irish In the Bahamas.

The Irish language is spoken in the Bahamas among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian patriots banished long ago by Cromwell to the West Indies. One can occasionally hear negro sailors in the east end of London who cannot speak a word of English talking Irish to the old Irish apple women who gather around the docks.—London Chronicle.

The gravedigger rises to remark that every man finds himself in a hole sooner or later.—Philadelphia Record.

The next hardest thing to getting up in the world is to keep from getting down.

A PROPHETIC JEWEL.

The Peculiar Ring That Was Owned by Marquise du Barry.

Marquise du Barry, whose lovely head fell into the basket beneath the guillotine in expiation of her levity, extravagance and folly, had in her possession a stone of which the Paris jewelers were unable to tell the precise nature.

There appeared upon it below the surface and as if under water an outline of a picture containing human figures. Strange to relate, when first the gem was given to its afterward unfortunate possessor this outline was not clear, but after it had been some months in her possession it grew more vivid.

One day the negro boy, Lamor, who was afterward instrumental, from revenge, in the downfall of the Du Barry, declared, looking at the jewel, that he could decipher the figure of a woman with disheveled hair leaning before a scaffold and surrounded by a crowd, while beside her stood the executioner.

A strange but authenticated circumstance is that the negro servant boy precisely described the guillotine. Dr. Guillotine had not then invented his celebrated instrument of death, nor had the horrors of the revolution begun.

Snatching the jewel from the hand of the servant, Mme. du Barry examined it, saw the kneeling woman, the angry crowd, the death knife falling, and, with a cry of agony, fell senseless to the floor.

Light on an Old Subject.

Old Mrs. Hubbard, several years after the poem appeared in print describing her fruitless visit to the cupboard in search of a bone for her poor dog, was speaking of the incident to her next door neighbor.

"In the first place," she said, "it wasn't worth making a poem about, and, in the next place, the man didn't get it right. I saw the dog was hungry, and I went to the icebox and got a nice piece of raw beef for him. I don't feed my dog bones. And if I did I wouldn't keep them in the cupboard. The cupboard wasn't bare, either. It was just as well filled as anybody's."

"What do you suppose made the fellow say you went to the cupboard?" asked the neighbor.

"He couldn't think of any other rhyme for Hubbard," replied the aged dame, lighting her pipe with a fresh coal of fire. "These (puff) poets (puff, puff) make me tired!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Feast of Reason.

"I was at luncheon the other day," said a north side woman, "where the hostess was a graduate of Smith college, three of the guests were graduates of Wellesley, two went through Vassar, two had been Bryn Mawr girls, and the other ladies present were graduates of Northwestern, the University of Chicago and Wells, respectively."

"Well," one of her hearers said, "it must have been very interesting. How I wish I could have been there! What did you talk about?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes—about how hard it is to keep help!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fifteen Kinds of Kisses.

The monks of the middle ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders—the decorous, or modest kiss; the diplomatic, or kiss of policy; the spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunk wine; the slave kiss; the kiss infamous, a church penance; the slipper kiss, practiced toward tyrants; the judicial kiss, the feudal kiss, the religious kiss (kissing the cross), the academical kiss, or joining a solemn brotherhood; the hand kiss, the Judas kiss, the medical kiss, for the purpose of healing some sickness; the kiss of etiquette; the kiss of love, the only real kiss.—London Tit-Bits.

His Maiden Speech.

It is related that when the Earl of Rochester in the reign of Charles II. rose to make his maiden speech in the house of lords he said: "My lords, my lords, I rise this time for the first time—the very first time. My lords, I divide my speech into four branches." Here there was an embarrassing pause of some seconds. "My lords," the earl then ejaculated, "if ever I rise again in this house you may cut me off, root and branches and all, forever."

The Chinese King.

The king is the favorite musical instrument in Chinese temples. In its most perfect form it consists of a number of large flat stones of different shapes and tones. The sound is that of a chime of bells and is singularly clear and musical. The stones are said to be a peculiar variety of basalt found in the mountains to the north of China.

The Whole Thing.

Seedman—I saw your advertisement in this morning's paper and I've called to see what you'd give me for these half dozen volumes.

Bookman—But we advertised that we would buy whole libraries only.

Seedman—Well, this is my whole library.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Scotch and Norwegian.

The lowland Scotch are Norse, with a difference. They tell me that broad Scotch would carry one through Norway. I don't believe it. But a Scot could, from the resemblance of his dialect to the Norse, learn the latter in a shorter time than an Englishman.—London Truth.

Thou hast but one inalienable right, and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances and in all places.—F. R. Marvin.

Educate Your Bowels.

Your bowels can be trained as well as your muscles or your brain. Cascarets Candy Cathartic train your bowels to do right. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

Master of the Strike

BY FRANK H. BLISS

Copyright, 1901, by Frank H. Bliss

"All the men went out at East Corinth this morning; not a train out," was the laconic telegram handed to the superintendent when he reached his office. With him action was first, reflection afterward, and he shouted: "Here, you boy! go hunt up Caddigan! Get him here! Hustle!"

In an incredibly short time Caddigan showed up, hat on one side of his head, hands in his pockets, coolly whistling the latest popular air, the picture of unconcern, a striking contrast to the bustling activity of his superior officer.

"Say, Caddigan, do you know there's a strike at East Corinth?"

"Yep; heard so," was the brief response.

"Well, what in blazes are you doing here anyway? Why ain't you down there? Get down on first train. It leaves in ten minutes. And see that you get trains out. Do you hear?"

Underneath the apparent indifference of Caddigan lay quiet, calm and cool action, and long before he had made all plans to go to East Corinth. It would never do to say so, however, to the superintendent, who had a failing for always wishing to be first to give orders.

"All right; I'll go. Any further orders?"

"Yes; you fire every son of a gun that won't go back to work at once. Do you understand?"

And Caddigan did understand. He understood the superintendent better than the latter understood himself and well enough to take his instructions with a grain of allowance.

"Don't compromise the company in any way and send an immediate report of things when you get there," were his final instructions.

East Corinth was 300 miles away, and it was late in the evening when the superintendent received the following telegram:

> All men out. "Red Jack" Podeck is running strike. Swears not a train shall leave here. All sympathize with yard men. Things shaky. CADDIGAN.

Caddigan was very popular among the men. He had risen from them, having himself twisted brakes and shoveled coal, and reaching his present position, train master, by sheer force of character, combined with hard and willing work.

The strike ran along without incident for several days. Each attempt to get a train out resulted in failure. The men were watchful and headed off each move toward getting yard work done. It would seem no hard matter to get trains out once in a while, as the engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen were not engaged in the strike, but sympathy ran rampant, and failure was recorded each time.

One evening the superintendent received a section of a telegram reading:

"I will get a train out tomorrow"— apparently from Caddigan, but the operator said the wire went down, and he could not get the rest, and direct communication ceased.

All trains had to pass the telegraph tower, where the interlocking switches were, a point closely guarded by the strikers, pickets being constantly on guard. Caddigan knew this point held the key to the situation, and he directed his attention to it. He tried to get authority from headquarters, but the telegraph operators, though not on a strike and apparently playing fair, managed to favor the strikers. It is a comparatively easy matter to have the wires "down." Nothing daunted by this, Caddigan resolved to "stand the layout" and "go it alone."

To get dependable men not in sympathy with the strikers was not an easy matter, yet it was accomplished in time. Taking these men aside, he told them to go down into the yard at noon, a time when few strikers were around, and disconnect all the brake chains on a train of cars that had been ready to go east since the strike began. He then went to the tower. Mort Collum, one of the best known operators of the middle west, was in charge.

"Mort," Caddigan said, "I want you to give a clear track for an outbound freight at 1 o'clock."

"All right, sir," he said. "But don't you think you had better wait till wings grow on your box cars? You'll never get a car by on wheels."

"It won't cost much to try," Caddigan laughingly replied, "and at the worst it can only be another failure."

Caddigan then went to the engine house and had old 142 fired up. She was in charge of Andy Devine.

"I want you to be right on time, Andy," said Caddigan. "Back right down into the yard, couple on to that train of cars and start for Europe, straight across the pond. Pay no attention to any stop signals until you are at least ten miles out."

"I'll do it, sir, but suppose I lose my cars"—

"Go on, Andy," Caddigan called back. "You'll have your cars all right. Trust me for that."

The engine went to the yard without trouble, and no effort was made to prevent coupling on to the cars. When the train reached the tower, many stop signals were given; but, obedient to orders, Andy paid no attention to them. Instead, every effort was made to get up speed before passing the tower where the strikers were thickest. As the train passed many strikers, accustomed to jumping upon moving trains, easily climbed upon the cars.

Andy watched them curiously and remarked to his fireman:

"Just watch them fellows stop us. There's enough of 'em to set every brake in two minutes."

Caddigan never told a man more than was necessary to carry out a plan of action. That was the reason he usually came out with flying colors. By the time the strikers found the brakes were useless and began to realize how they had been fooled the train was running fully thirty miles an hour and still gaining speed. A few of the more daring jumped off, but their results witnessed by those who remained on the rapidly moving train discouraged emulation. A hasty meeting was called on the top of the cars.

"Podeck," as usual, led the men, and, turning to his ever faithful partner, Pete, he hurriedly said:

"Pete, let's run ahead and take the engine."

"Tain't safe, Red," he said. "Didn't you see them fellers watchin' us? There's about five on the engine."

Podeck saw the point and hedged.

"Well, boys, I guess we're in for it. What'll we do now?"

McCollum spoke up. "Let's sue for peace; I'm willin'."

A rush was made for the caboose, where Caddigan calmly watched them. It was a hard dose to swallow, but no compromise was now possible.

"Caddigan, you've got us," was Red's brief introduction. "We want to go back."

"Oh, you do, do you? Aren't you having a nice ride? It's cheap too. You are not kicking on the fare, are you?" was Caddigan's rejoinder.

Not a word was said until McCollum, in his squeaky voice, wailed: "Oh, be aisy on us an' let us off."

"Well, I guess not," said Caddigan. "This is a through train, the first stop is fifty miles out, the fare back is only 3 cents a mile, and that will give you a very cheap one hundred mile ride."

They all began to plead for mercy at once, and Caddigan relented when McCollum whiningly exclaimed: "Be jabers, We're fifteen miles out now an' I want to get home to supper. I'm hungry this minute!"

"Well, seeing it's you, I'll let you off," said Caddigan. "But, remember you owe the fare, you forgot to pay it."

A stop signal slowed up the train, and the men dejectedly dropped alongside the track, a sadder and wiser party. It was an extremely hot day; they were over fifteen miles from East Corinth, and a wide stretch of bottom land lay between them and home. The road was coal slack ballast and attracted the heat. As old Sol was doing a little striking on his own account, it seemed that everything in range would melt. What was said upon that long, hot, tiresome walk, with not even a shade tree to rest under, would hardly do for sensitive souls to hear. Yet under the circumstances, the recording angel possibly stopped his ears and forgot to chalk up a full run.

Next morning the superintendent found the following telegram on his desk:

> All trains out on time today. Will be back on No. 2. CADDIGAN.

Little Tom's Choice.

A certain small Tom was going out to luncheon by invitation. His mother was anxious he should behave well, but, wisely recalling that simplicity is the essence of all true politeness, gave him but one caution: "Act, Tom, as if you were at home; take what you want with a 'Yes, please,' and decline anything with a polite 'No, thank you.' Be as honest as at our own table," trusting that with his confidence established the continual home sowing of precept and example would bear its fruit.

At night Tom reported results. "I guess I did all right, mother, though I got a laugh on me once."

"What was that?" inquired his mother.

"Well, we had baked apples, and when it came my turn to be served Mrs. C. said, 'And now, Tom, which apple do you want?'"

"You told her of course," interpolated his mother as the boy hesitated a little. "You know, I have often explained that it is good manners to give a choice when one is asked."

"Yes, mother, I told her, and that was the laugh. I said, 'The one I want is gone.'"

Mrs. Browning's Appearance.

Mrs. Browning wore her hair in long ringlets, which, falling very much over her face and when seen in profile, suggested the unpleasing idea of blinkers that harshly cut across the graceful curves of brow and cheek. It was this style of arranging her dark hair that made Mrs. Browning look not old fashioned, for that would have given a touch of sentiment, but strangely out of the fashion. Her slight, pretty figure was rather disguised than set off by garments that fell lopping around her. But, thank heaven, she was entirely and utterly free from the bad taste of the self styled clever women who acknowledge themselves to be failures as women by aping a masculine style of dress and address.—Temple Bar.

The Gentle Bloodhound.

Bloodhounds, notwithstanding that a club was established in America, have not caught on in public favor. There is probably no breed whose true characteristics are less understood, a widespread idea existing that this is a ferocious animal, for which, however, there is no justification, as the modern bloodhound is a noble and sensible creature peculiarly sensitive to kind treatment. There is no breed of dog whose olfactory organs are developed to the same degree; thus his ability to hunt man by the scent of his footsteps; indeed, for tracking purposes he stands preeminent.—Outing.

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March 1, 1900.

NANCIEBEL

A Tale of Stratford-on-Avon

By WILLIAM BLACK

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.

RADIANT, triumphant, with all the light hearted hope and courage of youth, Richard Kingston went to keep his assignation with Nanciebel. It had snowed heavily all the preceding night and all the morning, but the afternoon had brightened somewhat, and in the western skies there was now a pale glow of saffron, though that was hardly strong enough to tinge the cold white landscape.

When he reached the church, evensong was going forward. Through the windows he could see the gas jets all lighted up, points of lemon yellow fire in the dusk, and ever and anon came the soft thunder roll of the organ and the clear singing of the choir. He walked along to the riverside. The elms overhead were heavily draped with snow, for not a breath of wind was stirring. The dull green surface of the Avon was broken here and there by gray patches of ice floating down with the slow current. On the other side were the flat white meadows and beyond these again white slopes and heights, with black hedges and trees protruding. The world was quite silent save for the hushed and slumberous music in the church.

Now, some one had considerately cleared a path from the porch to the side of the stream, so that when Nanciebel came along the deep snow caused no inconvenience either to her skirts or to her neat, small ankles. It was a cold and cheerless trysting place, to be sure, but love's fires burn independently of the weather, and it was not the wintry landscape that was in Miss Nancy's mind.

Nor was it in Mr. Richard's mind either, for now, and quite suddenly and unexpectedly, he experienced a new emotion—an emotion that caused him no little disquiet. Hitherto whenever he had caught sight of Nancy his heart had filled with joy; the most distant glimpse of the gray and purple dress and the sable plumed hat had been like a kiss for sweetness; his eyes lighted up to welcome her, but now, to his amazement and dismay, he found, as Nanciebel approached, that he was grown anxiously critical. He scrutinized her, her appearance, her expression, her dress, her manner of walking, as if he feared that some objection might be taken. And perhaps she noticed the unusual look as she timidly gave him her hand. She flushed a little, and when she spoke it was with averted eyes.

"You asked me to meet you, Richard," said she, "and I have come, but not with any kind of expectation. You were too confident. But I—I think I shall be annoyed or disappointed. I knew what your mother would say"—

Ah, well, the sound of her voice, with its mysterious charm, which could thrill his heart with the simplest phrase, that delightful sound gave him courage again. How could his mother withstand these soft, low, penetrating tones? What mattered it what kind of gloves she wore, what kind of brooch was at her neck, when that tender voice could win its way to the heart, when those soft dark eyes could plead for kindness?

"But you're all wrong, Nancy," said he, with a kind of forced cheerfulness, for it had alarmed him to find that he could scan the appearance of his sweetheart in this critical way. "The mater wants you to come and see her. It will be all right, as I told you it would. Of course"—

"Of course what, Richard?" she said, seeing he hesitated.

"Well, you can't expect impossibilities, Nancy," said he vaguely.

"Richard," she said, "why don't you confess the truth? Your mother is surprised and grieved by what you have told her, and, although she may have said that you might take me to see her, it was against her will and only to please you, and you know she will never really consent, though she may formally do so out of her fondness for you. Very well. Why should you vex and trouble her any more? I say now what I said yesterday. Let this stop where it is. Let us be friends, true friends, always and always, but nothing more than that. Then we can grieve no one."

"And this is what your affection comes to?" said he reproachfully. "I thought you loved me, Nancy!"

Tears could rise quickly to those dark lashes.

"It is not my fault, Richard," said she. "But everything is against us. I knew your mother would say no"—

"But she does not say no!" he exclaimed. "Nothing of the kind. Of course, as I say, you can't expect impossibilities. You can't expect her to be enthusiastic. What woman would be about a proposed daughter-in-law she has never seen? It is but natural for her to have doubts. How can she know how thoroughly you and I understand each other? And it is for your happiness as well as mine that she talks about separation—about the necessity for some considerable time of separation—to see whether we know our own minds. Six months at Shanghai—that's what she proposes for me, Nancy!"

"Shanghai!" repeated Nancy, and she looked up with a frightened stare.

"Yes, indeed. And it's you who have to save me from that banishment. It all rests on your shoulders," he continued more cheerfully. "But I know you will come through the ordeal in triumph. Who could withstand your eyes, Nanciebel? You don't yourself know what a winning fascination they have. And you won't be nervous after the first second. You will see my mother wants to be kind. You remember how the miller's daughter was anxious about what dress would please; but you have nothing to fear on that score. You are always as neat and pretty and in good taste as it is possible to be. I wish I could help you, Nanciebel, but I can't. You've got to do it all"—

"Richard," said she a little proudly, "don't you think it is rather—rather unfair that I should be taken out to Woodend on approval?"

"Well, so it would," he answered her, "if anything of the kind were in contemplation. But it isn't so. You are going out to make the acquaintance of my mother, and you will find her ready to welcome you, be sure of that. Of course," he added in rather a stammering fashion, "I—I hope you on your side will be well, conciliatory and nice. You need not take it as if it were a hostile challenge between two women, each anxious to [illegible] the other. If you go out there determined to make friends, Nancy, it will be all right."

She looked rather [illegible] for a second or two. "If I go it will be for your sake, Richard," she said, "but what I am most afraid of is that I shall be so terrified as to be able to do nothing. Your mother will think me stiff or ill mannered or stupid when I am simply frightened. You see, you are all impatience and eagerness, and you don't care; you don't consider what an awkward position I shall be in. It is not as if I were being taken out to visit your mother by some acquaintance knowing us both. I am presented to her all of a sudden, as some one who proposes to become her daughter-in-law. It's nothing to you. You think it is all right and natural, but it is dreadful for me. I know what she will be thinking—that I am a forward, impertinent minx without any delicacy of feeling or propriety of conduct"—

"Oh, yes," he broke in scornfully; "she is likely to think that of you after she has spoken to you for three minutes! That is precisely your character, Nanciebel—you are so brazen in audacity!"

"And when is this fearful thing to be got through, Richard dear?" asked Nancy, looking down.

"Tomorrow afternoon," he said, with ineffable impudence, just as if his mother had made the appointment. "I will bring the pony chaise for you and drive you out."

"But—but where shall I meet you?" she asked again.

"I will come for you," he answered.

"Not into the High street?" she hinted timidly.

"Why not?"

"The people would talk," she said, with lowered eyes.

"Let them talk," he answered boldly. "It is [illegible] that this hole and corner arrangement was done with. I want the whole thing to be recognized now. When they see Miss Nancy Marlow driving out to Woodend, I dare say they will talk. So much the better! I am not for half measures."

"No, you never are, Richard," Nancy said, with a bit of a sigh. "And I wonder what will come of it all."

Nor did she cease to be timorous and apprehensive. It was bad enough that she was going out to Woodend "on approval;" but it was ever so much worse that the neighbors should know it, or guess at it, from the fact of his driving in to the High street to call for her.

"Don't you think, Richard, dear," said she at last, "it would be better if I met you somewhere a little way out of the town—say at the railway bridge"—

"Then you would have to walk all that way through the snow, Nancy," he pointed out, "and your boots would get wet, or even muddied, if there was a thaw. You see, I want you to be as neat as a new pin, as you always are; not that I care about such things myself. As long as your heart is warm and loving, what do I mind what dress you wear?"

"I understand," Nancy said at once, with quick perception. "You are quite right, Richard. What would your mother say if I went with bedraggled skirts and soiled boots? Of course, of course, you are quite right. You must come for me, and Jim will see that the pavement is dry."

"Have you any white rose scent for your handkerchief, Nancy?" he asked. "That is the only scent the mater seems fond of. No? Then I'll try to get some and send it in to you this evening. Oh, you will make a conquest, be sure!"

"What time tomorrow afternoon, Richard, must I be ready?"

"Four. Will that do?"

"Very well. Now I must be going back into the town. Four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Oh, dear, I wish it was all over!" said Nanciebel plaintively.

And perhaps the gentle little widow out there at Woodend had some such thought in her mind when her son told her of his proposed visit on the following day. It is true she knew what was expected of her. Her role had been pointed out to her that evening on which Richard had slipped the green volume into her hand. And indeed she had made up her mind that if the girl on whom he had set his affections seemed to have an amiable disposition and good manners she would not allow the fact of her having stood behind a counter to influence her mind. So many young men had done worse. And even if there were some little defect here or there, some lack of sensitiveness or refinement, might not that give way to womanly sympathy and guidance? This little woman was prepared to do a good deal for her beloved son. Whom else had she to care for in the world?

And yet, notwithstanding all these kindly and considerate resolves and notwithstanding the diligent coaching that Nanciebel had received from her sweetheart, it must be confessed that the meeting between the two women on the following afternoon was, especially at first, of the most constrained and ominous kind. Mr. Richard was so proud of the opportunity of showing off the beautiful and precious prize he had won for himself that he hardly heeded.

He was eager and talkative, and his volubility seemed in a measure to fill the void of silence [illegible]. It is true he had been disappointed that his mother and his chosen bride did not fall upon each other's necks and weep gentle and sympathetic tears, and he had been surprised to hear the little widow address Nancy as "Miss Marlow," but he would not admit to himself that there was any coldness on either side. Not at all. He was descanting to his mother on Nancy's general characteristics, indulging in a little sarcasm even, to give the whole interview a sort of playful and friendly cast, but conclusively proving that Nancy and his mother held precisely the same opinions and were bound to agree upon every possible subject.

Nancy, for example, was a devoted admirer of Lord Beaconsfield and did not fail to wear a primrose on Primrose day. Nancy believed that the [illegible] of the country was safe in the hands of the Conservative party and that Radicals, socialists and anarchists [illegible] of that sort had nothing in [illegible] but the destruction of property and the total abolition of law. Nancy was a devout adherent of the Church of England and considered it unbecoming, if not positively dangerous, for bishops to have any dealings with the dissenters.

Nancy strongly disapproved of woman's rights women, nor was Nancy quite sure about the influence of the school boards, which she considered apt to draw away the children from their proper and natural guardians and friends, who had always been good to them in times past. Nancy detested the use of cosmetics and wondered that respectable girls in London could condescend to such practices. As to tight lacing, Nancy was also sound; who but a fool would want to sing "I'd be a butterfly?" In short, it was Nancy, and Nancy, and Nancy all the time—why should any one speak of Miss Marlow?

But here a significant little incident occurred which showed how very differently mother and son viewed this position of affairs. When Nanciebel was ushered into the drawing room Mr. Richard insisted on her laying aside her hat and jacket and gloves, so that she should have the appearance of being quite at home, and then he conducted her to a little windowed recess at the top of the room, which his mother used as a boudoir. It was a remarkably snug and cozy apartment, a couch running round three sides of it, shelves of books covering two of the walls, the windows commanding a view of the garden, where thrushes and blackbirds and starlings were hunting about among the snow for the food which the widow was wont to fling abroad with a generous hand.

It would have pleased Mr. Richard if his mother and his sweetheart on entering this secluded little place had sat down together, perhaps arm in arm, but somehow Miss Marlow took her seat on one side, where she remained looking amiable and attentive if somewhat silent, while Mrs. Kingston, on the couch opposite her, listened to her son's dithyrambics or glanced out upon the wintry garden as she spoke. And what now happened was this:

Mr. Richard, having conclusively shown that Miss Marlow's mental and moral qualities and her opinions on political, religious and social subjects generally were such as to commend her to any intelligent and reasonable human being, proceeded in a sort of half playful and kindly way to say something of the young lady's appearance. You see, she appeared to be already one of the family. Here she was in the snug little corner, not with hat and gloves on, as though she were paying a formal call, but as if she had just come down from her own room to have a little chat before tea was brought in. And thus it was that when Mr. Richard, chancing to talk of the fashion in which his beloved wore her hair, went on to suggest that perhaps it might suit her better to wear it a little higher on her forehead he quite naturally and unthinkingly crossed over to her and with a light touch or two of his fingers pushed back her hair, so as to invite his mother's opinion. But the reply he received startled him.

"Richard!" the widow exclaimed in amazed protest, and then all at once he knew how differently his mother and he were regarding this young lady. Not yet was she the daughter of the house, to be treated with familiar little caressings and pettings. She was only a visitor, she was only Miss Marlow, to be treated with decorum and respect. As for poor little Nancy, she was terribly embarrassed. Richard, she knew, should not have taken this liberty, but he had done it almost before she was aware, and indeed it was not until afterward she bethought her of what Mrs. Kingston might guess from this little incident. Mr. Richard did not try any more experiments with Miss Marlow's hair or seek to alter the way in which it lay on her forehead.

He returned to his seat with an uneasy consciousness that he had made a mistake and perhaps even compromised Nancy a little, but fortunately at this moment tea was brought in, and that proved to be a welcome distraction.

For in truth the widow, critical as she might be of her son's choice, could hardly help sympathizing with the girl in the lonely and embarrassing position in which she was placed, and then, again, Nancy though shy and silent was obviously most anxious to please. Once, indeed, in answer to a question she said, "Yes, ma'am," and although Richard inwardly winced, for the phrase recalled the shop and counter, his mother did not appear to look on it in that light. Perhaps it was a kind of pathetic confession of humility. Perhaps it was a kind of tribute to the widow's dignity, and every one who knows how people who are not gifted with any great magnificence of manner are pleased when they think they impress.

Moreover, when in the general talk that now turned round the day [illegible] was there any possibility of a difference of opinion, Mr. Richard adroitly arranged that his mother and Nancy should be on the same side, where he established their combined forces from the other.

Take the question of mops, for example. The mop in Stratford-on-Avon, as in some other old English towns, is a hiring fair at which farm servants, men and women, come in from the surrounding country to offer their services to master or mistress, and for the refreshment of these stout stomached folks or any others who may be of a like mind oxen and pigs are roasted whole in the principal thoroughfares, the hungry yokel paying for a slice off whatever portion of the slowly revolving animal may take his fancy and carrying the smoking plate into the adjacent public house, where he can wash down the beef or pork with copious draughts of ale. Now, there are those who hold that this roasting of a huge carcass and the public hacking of greasy [illegible] are a brutalizing spectacle, and they would have that feature of the mop suppressed, even if the other amusements—the merry-go-rounds, the boxing booths, the [illegible] and what not—were allowed to remain. This was Mrs. Kingston's opinion, and Mr. Richard cunningly contrived that it should be Nanciebel's also.

"Oh, I think the old world customs should be preserved," said he boldly. [illegible] a bit of straw stuck in their cap or whatever other symbol it is that tells the farmer what kind of work the applicant wants. Well, I think it is a pity. I think the old ceremonies and customs should be preserved."

"The roasting of those animals in the street seems to me simply horrid," his mother said.

"Well, I know that is Nancy's opinion, too," he said, Nancy never having uttered a single word to him at any time on the subject. "And I don't wonder she should refuse to go through the streets on the day of the mop. The smell of the cooking is rather too pronounced. Still there is no reason why fastidious people like you and Nancy should [illegible]. You may keep away. Leave the [illegible] their holiday in the manner they can enjoy it. [illegible]"

"Don't, Richard!" his mother said, [illegible]

Well, the visit came to an end at last, and Mrs. Kingston bade goodby to Nancy without a word having been said on the subject which was no doubt uppermost in both their minds. Nor was there any particular embrace or the slightest recognition of the peculiar circumstances that had brought about this interview. None the less was Mr. Richard triumphant as he drove away his chosen bride through the [illegible].

"What do you say now, Nanciebel?" he demanded. "Didn't everything go off first rate?"

"Oh, Richard, I am just dying of shame," she murmured, and she would not look at him.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked in astonishment. "I thought everything went off most satisfactorily. There wasn't a slip or mistake anywhere, unless it was my own when I took to rearranging your hair. That did stagger the mater, I admit."

"Richard," said she, "didn't you notice? When you asked me in the hall if I had got my gloves, I said, 'Yes, dear.' The next moment I thought I should have sunk through the floor with shame and mortification."

"I'm sure I did not notice it," he said.

"But your mother did. I saw her look."

"Very well, then—a good thing too! Why should she not know the actual relations that exist between us? Now that I think of it, I am not sorry that I raised your hair a little bit on your forehead and tried the effect of it as if you already belonged to me. No, I am not sorry. It is better she should know. Then she will understand the intimacy of our relationship and the length of time it has lasted. I have no doubt she thought it was only a passing fancy. That was why she talked of Shanghai. There was no mention of Shanghai this afternoon."

"No, Richard, for she seemed careful not to admit that she understood there was anything between you and me," said Nanciebel, who was a good deal less confident than her lover. "She treated me just like a stranger, but very kindly, I must say. And—and I am not nearly so afraid of her as I was," Nanciebel added.

"Afraid of her!" he repeated, with a laugh. "Why, you two will be the fastest friends in the world within a couple of months from now. I told you she would not be able to resist you. She seemed pleased with you throughout, and you never in your life looked prettier or more winning; that I know."

Nanciebel shook her head.

"A woman understands a woman's ways of looking and talking," she said. "If ever she does give her consent, it will be simply and solely for your sake, Richard. She does not like me."

"Nancy!"

"Ah, but I know," said Nanciebel doggedly. "I don't suppose she positively hates me, for I gave her no occasion by provoking a quarrel or anything of that kind, but I dare say she is crying at this moment and wishing in a sort of way that I had never been born."

"What, you think that is the impression she formed of you, Nancy?" he asked. "I tell you you are too diffident. You don't know your own value. Of course she couldn't say anything to your face. But wait till I get home this evening, then she will speak, and I'm sure when I next see you I shall be able to tell you something that will banish all those fine fears and surmises. You think you could judge by her expression. Well, then, you have made a bad guess, my dear Nancy, as I will prove to you tomorrow."

She was for getting out of the pony chaise at the foot of the [illegible] road, so that she might walk into the town on foot, but he would not hear of any such thing. He cared not who might know he had won his bride. He drove through Stratford and along the High street and up to her own door. As he bade her goodby he said he would call and see her the next day—he expected to have some news to tell her as the result of this memorable interview.

But as he drove leisurely home through the gathering dusk he was not quite so confident as he had professed to be while talking to Nanciebel. It was strange that his mother had not kissed the girl in taking leave of her. That would have been sufficient recognition. Her parting little speech to the effect that she hoped Miss Marlow would come and see her again might have been addressed to the merest stranger. As for Nancy's contention, on the other hand, that she could tell that Mrs. Kingston disliked her and had even the monstrous inhumanity to wish that she were dead, he knew that was all nonsense. However, there would soon be an opportunity for him to learn what had been his mother's thoughts.

During dinner nothing of importance was said with regard to Nanciebel, for [illegible]. But after dinner Mr. Richard went direct with his mother into the drawing room and sat down beside her and took her hand and smoothed it between his own.

"Now, mater, what are you going to say to me?"

The little woman hesitated. It was a momentous crisis in her simple and uneventful life.

"What can I say to you, Richard?" she said rather sadly. "I do not wish to appear unkind or inconsiderate. But you must surely understand how it must be a shock to me to know that I am expected to receive a stranger into our home?"

"A stranger, mother!" he exclaimed. "How long would she be a stranger?"

"And then, my dear boy," continued the mother in the same [illegible] way, "I have been building up so many forecasts of your future, and this is so entirely different. However, we must do what is right; we must do what is right, whatever it may cost. Much as I should like to see you free from this [illegible], I would not have you [illegible] any dishonorable action. If you have raised hopes in this young woman's heart, if you have pledged yourself to her, then you must stand by that. [illegible] if I was thrice as anxious you should look elsewhere for a wife."

"Why, I knew you would say that, mother!" he cried joyously, though his exultation was in curious contrast with the widow's half concealed regret. "And then consider this—if you found her passably agreeable and pleasant mannered and amiable at a first and formal interview like that, just consider how she will improve, how she will win your regard on more intimate knowledge. What did you think of her, mother? Weren't you favorably impressed? I'm sure you must have thought she looked so pretty and neat and modest. Did you notice how soft and winning her eyes were? Couldn't you guess what her disposition was like? At all events, she tried hard to please you. I could see it in every look."

"I have no fault to find, Richard," his mother said, but without much of the enthusiasm he had hoped for. "I dare say she is a good, honest girl, and may make you a good wife—if only—if only she had some little instruction—and preparation"—

"Mother, Nancy is the quickest girl in apprehension you ever saw!" he exclaimed eagerly. "I don't know in what you consider her deficient, but I know she would be delighted to learn—and especially from you. Didn't you see how respectful she was to you?" he continued with insidious flattery. "She would be a most willing pupil. Of course you saw she was shy. That was but natural in a girl of her age and in the peculiar circumstances. You could not expect her to have your self possession and grace of manner. That is something that can only be acquired by long training. But how willingly Nancy would try to learn!"

"It is all so strange to me as yet, Richard," Mrs. Kingston said at length, "that I hardly know what to do. But in such an important matter I cannot act entirely on my own responsibility. I will write to your Uncle Charles. Perhaps he will run up from Bristol."

"Mother," Mr. Richard protested, with some indignation, "do you want to frighten poor Nancy out of her senses? A family conclave, a jury of strangers to summon the poor girl before them"—

"You cannot call your Uncle Charles a stranger," his mother retorted, but without asperity. This alarming thing that had happened had stunned and frightened her rather than made her angry. "Who, after myself, could have your interests more at heart? And I have been thinking, Richard, that if you still persist in this project, or if you are bound in honor to Miss Marlow, then perhaps your Uncle Charles would receive her into the vicarage for awhile and let her associate with your girl cousins. A clergyman's house is the best school in the world for any one who wishes to pick up the ways and manners, the little courtesies and politenesses, of refined society, and I am sure the separation would be wholesome for both you and her. It would give you time to reflect. It would enable you to test the strength of your regard for each other. Now, Richard, dear, don't ask me to say anything more until I have consulted with your uncle. I am sure that our chief and only consideration will be your happiness."

That silenced him, of course. He could plead and urge no further. But when he thought of his having to communicate this new scheme to Nancy on the next day his heart sank within him. Poor Nanciebel!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ACCIDENT GAVE IT ORIGIN.

Confetti Was Conceit of Frenchman With a Yankee Genius.

Some things that fall under one's observation every day and are regarded as commonplace are really somewhat extraordinary. Among these confetti may be mentioned. The history of confetti is rather curious. Several years ago a large printing works in Paris was turning out immense quantities of calendars, through which a small round hole had been punched to receive an eyelet for holding the sheets together. A heap of the little circular scraps of paper cut out by the punch accumulated on a table and one of the machine men amused himself by scattering a handful of them over a working girl's hair. She immediately scratched up a handful and threw them in his face. Others soon followed her example and the first confetti battle began.

The head of the establishment came in when it was at its height and being what the Americans call a "smart man," he at once realized that there was "money in it." He ordered special machinery, placed large quantities of the new article on the market, made a fortune and created a new industry. Paris now supplies nearly every part of the civilized world with confetti and single orders for fifty tons are not uncommon.

Uncle Sam's Slot Machine.

A business man who wanted a bookkeeper stated his need in an advertisement. The notice was seen by a young woman who was out of work and who had searched for employment day after day without success. She had just a cent left. This she spent for a postal card on which she wrote a reply to the advertisement and dropped the card in a street letter box.

Her application impressed the business man favorably, and he wrote to her, asking her to call at his office. She did so and secured the position.

Her modesty and worth, no less than her capability, so won upon her employer that before many months had passed he offered her his heart and hand, and she accepted and became his wife.

"And to think," he said one day during the honeymoon, "that it all came from your spending your last cent for a postal card and mailing it at a street corner!"

"Yes," she replied, [illegible] "I dropped a cent in the slot and got a husband." [illegible]

The Cause of His Fame.

The late [illegible] tells a story of [illegible] who was accustomed to spend his summers in Wilton, Me. There he noted when, as the custom was, a farmer "killed a critter" the liver, sweetbreads, kidneys, etc., were thrown away. He offered to purchase these delicacies; but, though he got the goods, the "sturdy farmer scorned his proffered gold." Not long after he observed as he walked through the village that he was the cynosure of all eyes and was followed by a wondering if not admiring crowd, chiefly of the young. "Aha," thought he, "I cannot escape my fame. My glory as an actor has followed me even to this obscure hamlet." And he was mightily puffed up till he overheard one yokel shout to another, "Bill, there goes the feller what eats innards!"

Traveling in Japan.

A writer describing scenes on Japanese railways says when a native lady enters the car she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat and then sits demurely with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector, attired in a blue uniform, enters the car, he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bows as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets from them.

Not to Be Sat On.

During a football match in Belfast between Ireland and Scotland an enthusiastic supporter of the Irish team kept crying out, "Sit on them, Ireland!" There was an old Scotchman beside him who endured this for a time, but at length, unable to stand it any longer, he turned round and impressively remarked:

"Ye can sit on the leek, mon, and mebbe ye can sit on the rose, but I tell you, mon, ye canna' sit on the thistle."—Pearson's.

A Changed Opinion.

Mrs. Gunning—Oh, Harry! Surely you weren't cruel enough to shoot this poor little bird?

Mr. Gunning—Why, yes; I thought you might have it stuffed and put on a bonnet.

Mrs. Gunning—Oh, how kind and thoughtful of you!—Philadelphia Record.

Evolution.

"This is the church where you hold your services, I suppose."

"We used to call it a church, but we have outgrown all that. It is a temple of progressive thought now."—Chicago Tribune.

ALL ABOUT RATTLERS.

How the Poisonous Rattlers are Hunted and For What Purpose.

A Wellsboro firm of druggists recently advertised for a gallon of rattlesnake oil, which furnished the inspiration for the following interesting article from the Wellsboro Gazette.

Up to date the Wellsboro druggists, Messrs. Hyer & Howd, have succeeded in securing only four ounces of the precious oil. While discussing this slippery subject it may be of interest to many of our readers to learn how rattlesnake oil is procured. Ginseng diggers, as a rule, also engage in the rattlesnake oil business, and beginning with next month many in this and adjoining counties will turn their attention to the harvesting of rattlesnake fat, when the oil will become more plentiful. The oil sells for 50 cents an ounce. A big fat snake will sometimes yield an ounce.

Reports from some parts of the county show that the snake season has opened early this year and the indications are favorable for a large crop of rattlers. During the months of July and August the reptiles lie in the sun, so that these two months are the most profitable for the snake oil mountaineers. The Pine and Marsh creek regions are favorable haunts of the rattlers and the "varmunts" are also very plentiful in Potter and Lycoming counties. Indeed it is a singular fact that where there is ginseng there are also rattlesnakes, so that the "seng" diggers are not compelled to move in order to follow their new vocation.

Familiarity with their business breeds contempt for the poisonous rattlers on the part of the mountaineers who catch them, and it is rarely the case that one of the snake killers is bitten. To make the fat of a rattlesnake efficacious it must be from a snake that has not bitten itself. If wounded and given the chance to wriggle, a rattlesnake will invariably fling its head back and sink its fangs into its body, thus injecting the poison through its system. The oil of a snake thus inoculated, says the oil makers, is worthless. In order to prevent this calamity the snake catchers go around with a forked stick and a brass wire loop at the end. When a rattlesnake is seen, heard or scented the hunter slips around among the bushes or rocks until he gets a chance to slip the forked stick over the snake's neck, a few inches back of the head. Thus pinioned, the loop is passed over the snake's head, and the next instant the reptile's head is whisked off its body. It is said that an expert snake catcher can scent a rattler a rod away if he gets to windward of it, and he usually makes sure to get his prize.

The process of "rendering" or "trying" the oil is interesting. Oftentimes this is done in the woods, at some shack or log cabin, where the ginseng diggers live during the season. The snakes are caught during the day, then at night the oil is fried out of the carcasses and the skins spread out to dry. The skins, by the way, are another source of profit, for one often pays as much as $1.50 for a fine diamond-black rattler's hide. The yellow rattler is more common, and their skins are not so pretty. But for the purpose of oil production the yellow snakes are the best. They grow heavier. The black species are more active, their bodies are less rotund, consequently produce less fat than the golden variety.

Already the snake butchers have learned to adulterate the precious oil of the rattler. The more common copperhead, an especially vicious snake, is caught and its fat put with that of the rattlesnake. This weakens the pure product, for the copperhead's oil contains no medicinal qualities. Its mixture with the genuine article, too, cannot be detected even by chemical test, it is said.

Thadden Hall of Deep Hollow, Susquehanna county, added more than 300 rattlesnakes to his score last season, making more than 1,700 he has killed in five years. Nearly 150 of last fall's catch were killed in seven days in a den near Hallstead.

Hall says he lost considerable money during the first year of his snake hunting by not knowing that there was a market for the skins and rattles as well as for the oil. He sells the skins for from 25 cents to $1. These are dressed into ladies' boots, purses and slippers. The rattles are mounted as jewels for pins, earrings and the like, and bring from 25 cents to $1 a string.

Hid Her Love.

Charles Dickens, though he married Catherine, one of George Hogarth's three daughters, in 1836, was later devotedly attached to her sister Mary. Why he did not marry Mary in the first place is not certainly known unless it be that Mary, a young woman of great loveliness of character, had successfully concealed her own affection for Catherine's betrothed in order to save her sister from disappointment. Percy Fitzgerald, a friend of Dickens, expressed this idea in an article in Harper's Magazine entitled "Dickens In His Books."

Royal Repartee.

It is related that once, when the Earl of Lauderdale was at dinner with King Charles, he remarked to the king, "There is a good saying that fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

"There is another as good," replied the Earl of Shaftesbury; "wits make jests and fools repeat them." And the king advised Lauderdale to make sure of his man in future.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

ENGLISHMAN AND TURK.

How the Former Obtained Some Cash Owed by the Latter.

An Englishman has just had a very curious experience, says the London Telegraph. He had lent a Turk some money, but the man was unable to pay and on his deathbed laid a particular charge on his wife and children to meet the debt. The eldest son was making arrangements accordingly, but also died, and he, too, begged his family to pay the money as soon as they could.

One day the Englishman received a visit from a member of the family, who said that there were now four members of it left, and they were ready to pay, but one of the daughters refused to subscribe her share, declaring that the money was never really lent. The others, however, wished to settle the matter, and if the Englishman would come to the house it would be arranged. "But," the Turk added, "if you see there is any difficulty just say that you leave it to be settled in the next world."

Accordingly the Englishman went to the house at the appointed time and met the family in the presence of a mullah, the ladies being behind a screen. The mullah began by asking if he had truly lent the money, how much it was and if he would take any less. One of the women behind kept saying it was all a fraud. The Englishman then declared that he had lent the money, that he had not asked for it, that they had told him to come and get it and if they did not want to pay it he would leave the matter to be settled in the next world.

There was dead silence for a few moments, and then the women called their brother and each paid her share without a word. It seems the prospect of meeting the father in the other world without having carried out his wishes was too serious a thing to face.

THE COOKBOOK.

In baking bread it is better to overdo rather than underdo the work.

To make a good cheese omelet use cream instead of milk and it will be light and toothful.

If there is not butter or fish to fill the gem pan, put cold water in the empty space before setting the pan in the oven.

The rich cheeses, which have the largest percentage of fat, are those which blend well with bread or sandwiches or with macaroni or rice.

For a quick cake beat until thick four eggs. Add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cup of flour, a little cinnamon and lemon rind. Beat well and spread on a baking pan. Bake in quick oven and cut at once.

Sweet potatoes are much richer twice cooked. Baked or boiled merely, this vegetable is good, but when the baking or boiling is followed by a subsequent cooking in the pan or in the oven they are far better.

A fine cheese pudding is made by grating five ounces of bread and three of cheese. Warm two ounces of butter in a quarter of a pint of fresh milk and mix thoroughly. Add two well beaten eggs, salt and bake half an hour.

Death In Their Work.

Gilders, photographers and those who handle the hydrocyanic and potassium articles are liable to suffer from chronic poisoning by hydrocyanic acid. They have headache, giddiness, noises in the ear, difficult respiration, pain over the heart, loss of appetite, in short, show all the evidences of mild poisoning. Zinc workers, too, suffer. Zinc is used as a pigment in calico printing, in discoloring glass, in polishing optical glasses and in making artificial meerschaum pipes.

So men die in harness in these and a hundred other occupations, killed by the very air they breathe, and other men step into their shoes.—New York World.

The European Plan.

Some queer customers are seen at New York hotels. An old farmer from the country tells how he got ahead of one of the clerks. "I walked in," he says, "asked the young man at the desk, 'What are your prices?' 'American or European?' he asked me. Now I wasn't going to tell where I was from until I had seen the lay of the land. 'What difference does that make?' says I. 'If American,' he answered, 'it's $4 per day; if European, $1.50.' I thought a moment, and then an idea struck me how to get ahead of him. I walked up boldly and registered from London."—New York Press.

The Standing Army.

Old Lady—Poor fellow! And so you are a soldier?

Corporal Cannon—Yes, ma'am.

Old Lady—I'm awfully sorry for you. My, my, to think they never allow you to sit down!

Corporal Cannon—Ma'am?

Old Lady—I said I was sorry for you, and it is heartless and cruel for the government to keep a standing army all the time.

Corporal Cannon—Ma'am? Oh, yes, ma'am, thank you.—London Chums.

He Whistled.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the guv'nor told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

Cause and Effect.

The honeymoon was waning.

"I can't help thinking," she remarked, "that the clergyman looked solemn when he was marrying us."

"Well," he answered, "he's a married man himself."—Chicago Post.

Half honesty won't answer. You must be honest all the way through or your little tricks will be accepted as downright dishonesty.—Atchison Globe.

Life hath no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.

The Coloring Qualities of Pepper.

Canaries when fed with cayenne pepper gradually change their color, passing from yellow to red. Cayenne pepper contains a tracer of substance an [illegible] of. When [illegible] extracted [illegible] pepper loses its [illegible] addition of [illegible]. From this fact the conclusion is drawn that the oily principle of pepper is the necessary vehicle [illegible]. Experiments made with white hens [illegible] results. These [illegible] also the quality of [illegible] changes of temperature by a marked change of plumage. The yolk of their egg is bright red.

Salad Plants.

The chief value and advantage of salad plants are derived from their saline matters. In these they are comparatively rich, especially in potash salts. Cooking generally extracts these from vegetables, and consequently such vegetables as can be eaten in an uncooked state present these unchanged and in a most agreeable form in the crisp, cool and succulent leaves, which also serve to introduce a large amount of water into the system.

Convincing.

"Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest?" she asked.

"Of course it does, my own," he answered. "It is such a comfort to know that if I should die you would be provided for."

"But suppose I should die?"

"Then I would be provided for."

The Biggest of Tips.

"I tell you what," remarked the passenger to the waiter, "you don't get tips like they used to in the old days."

"That's right," replied the good natured waiter facetiously. "There was Esau, for instance, who gave his birthright for a mess of pottage."—Philadelphia Press.

St. Helena.

St. Helena is a great place for caves and hills. It is generally speaking the island is largely, if not wholly, volcanic, and a lot of extinct craters are apparent. Some of the pinnacles have queer names, such as Lot's Wife, the Man and Horse, the Asses' Ears and Hold Fast Tom.

In the matter of the Estate of Berthena Dodge, late of the Township of Eldred, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased. In the Orphans' Court of McKean County. No. 26, June Term, 1902.

To V. H. Cook, Executor; Willard Frost, Myrtle Frost, Sarah Frost, John Van Gelder, Etta Richardson, Mary Harzard, William Bell, L. J. Palmeter, J. A. Palmeter, A. N. Palmeter, Ellen Bedford and Ella McVaugh.

You are hereby notified that on May 22, 1902, the following order was made by the Orphan's Court of McKean County, and that you will be expected to comply with said order:

And now May 22, 1902, in consideration of the foregoing petition and on motion of attorneys for petitioner, the Court order that a citation issue directed to V. H. Cook, Eva Cook, Willard Frost, Myrtle Frost, Sarah Frost, John Van Gelder, Etta Richardson, Mary Harzard, William Bell, L. J. Palmeter, J. A. Palmeter, A. N. Palmeter, Ellen Bedford, Ella McVaugh, to appear before the Court on the sixth day of October, 1902, at 2 p. m. to answer the petition of Nancy Long and show cause why the appeal should not be sustained from the decision of the Register of Wills of McKean County made July 22, 1901, admitting to probate as the last will and testament of Berthena Dodge, deceased, a certain instrument of writing dated the 21st day of May, 1901, and the decision of the said Register set aside, and why an issue devisavit vel non should not be awarded directed to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County to determine the following questions of fact, to-wit:

1. Whether the said Berthena Dodge at the time of the execution of the said paper writing was of sound, disposing mind, memory and understanding, and of sufficient legal capacity to make a valid will and testament.

2. Whether the said Berthena Dodge was induced to make said paper writing by said V. H. Cook and others, and also why said probate should not be set aside and the letter testamentary granted to said V. H. Cook as executor thereof, revoked.

Notice of said citation to be given to said Register of Wills.

Service on non-residents of Pennsylvania and McKean County to be obtained by publication of notice in McKEAN MINER for three weeks and copy of notice to be mailed to last known address at least 20 days prior to return day.

Notices on residents of McKean County to be served at least 20 days before return day. THOS. A. MORRISON, P. J.

Witness my hand and seal this 2nd day of July, 1902.

(Official Seal.) GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

Notice of Application For a Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to his Excellency, William A. Stone, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on Monday, August 11th, 1902, by John J. Henry, James Bayard, M. F. Quinn, T. H. Quinn, F. S. Sherman, L. C. Thompson, John Troy and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of natural gas companies," approved May 29th, A. D. 1885, and the supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended Corporation to be called Straight Gas Company, the character and object of which is for the purpose of producing, dealing in, transporting, storing and supplying natural gas; its principal office and place of business to be at Straight in the Township of Jones in the County of Elk, and the places where its business in its various branches is to be conducted are, the Townships of Keating, Liberty, Norwich and Sergeant in the County of McKean, and the Townships of Jones, Benzinger and Ridgway in the County of Elk; and for the above mentioned purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

GORTON & RICHMOND, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., July 16th, 1902.

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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
P. R. McDONALD, Proprietor
Larabee, Penn'a.

First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
W. V. PROVIN, Prop'r.
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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. THE COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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Dr. Burg Chadwick,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, 12 Main Street, Smethport, Pa. Office hours till 10 A. M., 1 to 3; 6 to 8 P. M.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
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Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Hatch, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Chas. F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; B. G. Barrle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. L. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—L. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Helder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Engstrom, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. [illegible], meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible]
[illegible], N. G.
W. G. B[illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. [illegible] Encampment, No. [illegible], meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible] Patriarch.
P. M. [illegible], Sec'y.

G. A. R. [illegible] meets first and third [illegible] of each month at [illegible] Hall.
[illegible] B. MAYO, Com.
H. L. [illegible], Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every [illegible] afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. [illegible] CROSBY, Pres't.
MRS. [illegible], Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets [illegible] evening of each month in Kern's Hall.
Z. H. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Pride Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Tuesday afternoons.
[illegible], Com.
Lizzie E. Harris, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch, 22, meets second and fourth [illegible] of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Buck's Block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 p. m. in the M. E. parlors.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. P. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. W. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 14, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
JOHN BENDER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 1-6, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:23 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 3:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

[illegible] Train [illegible], daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible], New York [illegible] a. m. [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] Washington [illegible]

WESTWARD.

[illegible] Train 9, [illegible] for Erie, Ridgway and [illegible] Dubois [illegible]

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:22 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Week days.

[illegible] Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Glen Hazel, [illegible], Instanter, Straub's Run, [illegible], Clermont [illegible]

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at [illegible] a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:[illegible] p. m. and at Ridgway with train [illegible], leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

B. B. & K. RAILWAY — TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	5	7	9
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
[illegible]	7 30	10 15	1 20	4 10	6 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 50	1 50	4 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 55	2 02	4 52	6 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	11 02	2 [illegible]	4 57	7 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 25	11 [illegible]	2 [illegible]	5 04	7 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 30	11 [illegible]	2 25	5 15	7 [illegible]
[illegible] Ar.	9 00	11 [illegible]	2 [illegible]	5 40	7 [illegible]
[illegible] Lv.	[illegible]	[illegible]	1 [illegible]	4 40	6 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	7 [illegible]
[illegible] Ar.	[illegible]	12 25	[illegible]	6 25	[illegible]

NORTHBOUND

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	26
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible] Sunday only. [illegible] Daily [illegible] Sundays.
[illegible] except Sunday.
[illegible] M. KENNA, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective Saturday, Aug [illegible]

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1:16	8:10	Lv Mt. Jewett Ar	[illegible]		
5:21	1:30	8:32	Hazelhurst	[illegible]		
5:29	2:05	8:37	Marvindale	7:29	12:20	4:15
5:32	2:10	8:40	Kessel	7:25	12:25	4:15
5:37	2:17	8:47	Combs	7:18	11:18	4:08
				7:10		
6:05	2:30	9:14	Smethport	p. m.		
				7:15	11:10	3:49
6:07	2:43	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:03	11:58	3:28
6:14	2:49	9:34	Coryville	6:56	10:51	3:21
6:20	2:55	9:40	Larrabee	6:50	10:26	3:15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30	Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.57	Wetlendorf	6.28	8.17
8.12	12.06	Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.16	North Fork	5.38	7.58
8.29	12.28	Bear Run	5.26	7.41
	AM			PM
8.47	12.50	St. Marys	4.55	7.28
9.07	2.50 7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52 7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17 8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21 8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00 8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05 8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM		PM	AM
	6.03	St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30	Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00	Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05	Weedville	5.05	7.25

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS Ar. Dp	L'v Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.50	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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